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MEMORIALS OF A CONSECRATED LIFE.

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MEMORIALS

OF

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN LANDELS,

MISSIONARY IN GENOA.

BY HIS FATHER,

WILLIAM LANDELS, D.D.

MINISTER OF REGENT'S PARK CHAPEL, LONDON.

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MEMORIALS

OF

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

MANY are the sad offices which love has to perform in this vale of tears—offices which, however painful, it would not willingly forego. The more they harrow its feelings, the less inclined is it to delegate to others its painful tasks. It is gratified when it finds opportunity of inflicting suffering on itself for the sake of the loved one. After the final parting has taken place, it seems as if no other means were left to it of manifesting itself. Hence the paradox so often witnessed of men taking pleasure in their pain, drawn by a fascination which they cannot and would not resist, to brood over memories which unlock the deepest fountains of feeling, and cause all surrounding objects to be but

dimly seen through a rain of blinding tears. Laying flowers on the coffin which contains the remains of the departed, planting them on the grave where they rest in hope of a glorious resurrection, recalling the features and the form which the eye sees no more, and even the mind vaguely discerns through the mist in which their sudden and unexpected death has shrouded them, trying to remember the now silent voices, dwelling in thought on the traits of character and the peculiarities of manner, which appear more winning now that they are only memories, handling or gazing on the objects with which they are associated—in these and kindred tasks love finds a melancholy pleasure, which is but the reflection or the counterpart of its pain.

Of all these, perhaps, there is none which lays such a tax on feeling as when a father has to write memoirs of a beloved son, whose excellences of character, while they awaken in him the most grateful memories, make him keenly feel how much he has lost. The gratitude to God, awakened by the remembrance of what the departed was, and the thought of what he is, does not lessen but intensify his own sense of bereavement. And while his work is its own rich reward, the mingled and overpowering feelings it awakens renders it a reward not lightly or easily won. He would not forego the task. He would not commit it to other hands, for he would

rather that his soul were painfully-pleasantly stirred to its depths than that feeling should stagnate through memory becoming faint and obscure.

The emotions his work excites are all the more powerful, because of its being at variance with the natural order of things. When nature fulfils her course, the son is left to preserve the memory of the father, not the father to preserve the memory of the son. The latter implies premature death, the non-fulfilment of a life's promise, the extinction of hopes fondly cherished, the more or less sudden rupture of close and endearing ties. Under such conditions the work is doubly trying. And in a case like mine the wish will occur that our positions might, in the all-wise providence of God, have been reversed; and the thought of how lovingly his hand would have traced and his graphic pen recorded anything that filial affection might have desired to remember in my poor life, and the sudden vivid recognition—always sudden and always vivid however frequently recurring—that this cannot be, will cause an insupportable sinking of the heart, and bring the unbidden tear to the eye, and awaken a sudden paroxysm of grief by which the whole frame is convulsed. Under these conditions, dear reader, it is no easy matter to make the pen perform its task. And yet, difficult as it is, believing as I do that some may profit by a brief record, such as paternal affection can draw, of a

brief but devoted life, I feel that it would ill become me to decline that which, though it will cost me something, will nevertheless embalm a memory unspeakably dear to me and mine, and afford me a hallowed pleasure which will more than balance and requite me for the pain.

Our boy—our eldest boy and second child—was given to us in Birmingham in the first year of my ministry there. He was born on the 25th of January 1851, and for the first two or three years of his life was as fair and healthy and goodly a child as fond father or mother could desire to look upon. With a glow of parental pride we used to remember and repeat the words of a brother minister who exclaimed on seeing him for the first time, "What a glorious child!" He was indeed a child whose appearance gave promise of a vigorous sprightly youth and a robust manhood. But very soon, when he was about three years old, an attack of measles from which he suffered left effects from which he never fully recovered. A short time after our removal to London he was so delicate and weak that there seemed little prospect of his being reared. Perhaps his weakness rendered him specially dear to us: for who ever knew a parent, and especially a mother worthy of the name, whose affection was not peculiarly drawn towards an ailing child? Without

any favouritism, therefore, which we were always careful to avoid, as not only unjust and unnatural in parents, but most injurious in its influence on children, the special affection which our son's feeble health naturally elicited may have had something to do with the early parental training he received. Certainly, by hindering the outdoor exercise of which he was passionately fond, it conduced somewhat to his mental and moral development. Naturally of an active disposition he could not well be still, and barred by weakness for a time from outdoor play, his active mind found diversion in reading, and especially in the study of natural history, in which he took an unusual interest.

A short time before our settlement in London his maternal grandfather, having retired from business, left Scotland to reside in Slough. The old gentleman was fond of fishing, and John and his brother used frequently to accompany him in his excursions for this purpose along the banks of the Thames. In these rambles he had opportunity and acquired the taste for the minute observation of natural objects, which proved to him through life a source of both amusement and profit. His fondness for the minuter forms of life amounted to a passion, so that nothing would afford him greater pleasure than to spend hours in watching the movements and observing the habits of those creatures which most boys pass with-

out notice; and the discovery of any insect which was new to him afforded him almost as much joy as if it were the discovery of a new world.

From his earliest years he was trained to believe in the love of God in Christ. To him, from his infancy, the Saviour was always "Gentle Jesus," and God, "Our Father in Heaven." And we are not aware that he could ever look back to a time in his life in which he did not truly love the Lord. At a very early age he looked forward to being a minister of the Gospel, which he always regarded as the loftiest occupation in which a man could engage; and when very young commenced holding a service on Sunday afternoons, with his brothers and sisters for an audience. Among his papers I find a sermonette written and preached at this time, and an evening prayer for a family, which, childish as they are, I am pleased to insert, as showing the state of his mind when he was yet a boy of not more than eight or nine years. The MS. of the sermon contains at the head of the first page the numbers of the hymns that were sung and the Scriptures read when it was delivered, and is as follows:—

Rain and Snow Emblems of the Gospel.

(Isaiah lv. 10, 11.)

"Before I go on with my sermon I must try and make you understand what the Gospel is. The

Gospel is that part of the New Testament which tells us how Christ suffered and died to save us from the punishment of our sins.

"I. I shall try to explain how rain is an emblem of the Gospel. When the rain falls it sinks into the ground and nourishes the roots of the trees, or nourishes the trees themselves; it makes them look fresher and nicer altogether. In the same way the Gospel nourishes people's hearts, and makes the people look happier and pleasanter than they would do otherwise. It makes people happy when they think how Christ suffered and died to save them, how He was scourged and crucified for them, for *them*, ay, for them, sinners as they were, He suffered all this for them! Oh! how happy they must feel when they think of this. Now, my dear friends, this is the way in which rain is an emblem of the Gospel.

"II. I shall try and explain how snow is an emblem of the Gospel.

"When the snow falls it covers the flowers and shrubs, and keeps them safe from the attacks of the frost and the cold wintry wind. Now, if the snow were not to fall and cover these plants, the frost and the cold would soon kill them; but since it does, it keeps them safe till winter is passed, when they grow up fresh and gay again. In the same way the Gospel covers the people who love God from all the attacks of sin or Satan, and keeps them safe till

they have ceased for ever. If they had not the Gospel in their hearts they would daily be subject to all Satan's attacks, they would get worse day by day, until when they died they would go to hell and live with Satan for ever.

"Oh! my dear friends, will you all love God who 'sent His only-begotten Son into the world that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;' and keep the Gospel in your hearts, so that when you die you may go to heaven and live with Him throughout all the ages of eternity?

"Oh! my dear friends, will you always love and obey Him? I am sure you will be happy if you do, and it will be the best thing you can do, for 'Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord!'"

An Evening Prayer for a Family.

"Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for allowing us again to come before Thy throne of grace to offer up our thanksgivings for all the mercies of the past day, and we pray to Thee to send us them always in plenty; and better than that, we ask Thee to give us a rich overflowing of Thy grace in our hearts. We praise Thee for the manifold blessings Thou hast bestowed on us. We ask Thee to keep us all safe, and to make us good. We ask all in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

When he was a very little fellow, he expressed his intention of being a preacher to a friend with whom he was walking through the park to the chapel; and when asked what he would do if he were a preacher, promptly replied, "Try to make people good." Then, suddenly drawing himself up, added, "I must be good myself first, though." In this the child was father to the man. Most devoutly and earnestly he aimed at making people good, and never forgot that in order to succeed in that, he must first be good himself. The child utterance was an embodiment of the soundest philosophy, and it governed the life both of the youth and the man. Often have his mother and I dwelt on the child speech with gratitude to Him who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings perfects praise, and felt specially thankful that his after life was so much in harmony with the conviction and intention of his childhood. His great aim, as regarded himself, was to be good, not rich, or great, or famous, but good—with a goodness like that of our blessed Lord. Evil in himself he would not suffer. He was ready to recognise goodness in others, discovering traces of it where to other eyes it was scarcely discernible, and charitably judging acts so long as charity could find a possibility for its exercise; flashing out, however, in bursts of honest indignation where their wrong could no longer be questioned. But his most determined opposition

to wrong was elicited by that which he found in himself. "J. L. is a disagreeable wretch," he could write in his diary, when he had become conscious of the uprising and manifestation of some improper feeling, which, probably, no one had noticed but himself. His sensitiveness of conscience was most remarkable, and his obedience to its behests prompt and unquestioning. We could not imagine him doing anything which appeared to him of doubtful propriety, or in reference to which any exercise of casuistry was required to convince him of its rectitude. Not that which it took some argument to justify, but that which commended itself immediately to his sense of right was the course he preferred. And how he loved and admired, and sought to copy goodness in others! Those among his fellow students who seemed the most distinguished for their moral excellence were those whose friendship he most earnestly coveted, frankly recognising their superiority to himself, and desiring their acquaintance in order that he might profit by intercourse with them, and become a partaker of their laudable qualities. His prayer was that he might become "an uncommon Christian." And it is our joy to-day to know that this prayer was largely answered. The testimony borne to his character by those who knew him in his latter days far exceeds even the high and fond estimate which parental

affection had formed; and gratefully do we acquiesce in the words of a younger brother, who, to comfort us in our sorrow, wrote from Naples:—"We shall only be a little longer in seeing John than we expected to be; and surely no one can have a higher ambition than to be loved and admired after his death as he is now." "He *was* good!" said emphatically a minister who knew him in Italy. And in this we feel we have greater reason to be thankful to God, than if in the most honourable pursuits he had won a world-wide renown. Manifestly he grew in grace. With a naturally hasty temper it was delightful to see how he learned to exercise self-restraint, and with what considerate kindness he studied the feelings of others. His self-denial became too excessive for his naturally delicate frame; and through his zealous and untiring efforts he fell a martyr in his Master's cause.

Without making any pretensions to superior wisdom or discernment, I may here enter my testimony to the happy results which flow from children being, even in their infancy, taught to believe in the divine love, and to associate all that is attractive to childhood with the Saviour's name. My views on this matter were written and published long ago, and have been acted on, so far as God has enabled us, both by my wife and myself, in the training of our children. They are embodied in the following ex-

tract, which I here venture to reprint, as showing the course of early training which in our case has, in every instance, been attended with the happiest results:—

"Where God's character is properly appreciated by the believing soul—where the conception has been derived from, and accords with, the statements of revelation—the representations given of it will be such as are fitted to awaken in the youthful mind feelings of devout reverence and adoration. The child will imbibe the truth regarding God almost with its mother's milk. With the first dawning of reason, it will be taught that God is love. The mind as it opens to the perception of the invisible will become first acquainted with His goodness. It will be led to conceive of Him as the kind friend who is ever doing good, and from whom all blessings come. The names by which it knows Him first will be endearing in their nature, as 'Gentle Jesus,' or 'Our Father in Heaven.' He will be associated in its mind with all that is tender and lovely—with the Good Shepherd giving His life for the sheep—with the Saviour to whom the children cried, with loud voice, 'Hosanna!' and who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,' and took them in His arms, and laid His hands on them, and blessed them—with the Physician who healed diseases and raised the dead—with the Friend who

wept with Martha and Mary, and forgave Peter, and loved John—with its own mother's gentleness, and its own father's care. And thus, though we believe in inherited depravity, and that God and not man is the renewer of the heart, yet, believing also in the divine blessing which attends human effort, and in the inspired axiom, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;' we expect that from the first the child will regard God, not with terror and aversion as a taskmaster to be obeyed, or a tyrant to be dreaded—a stern avenger whose chief or only work is to punish sin—but with confiding love, as a kind Father and bountiful benefactor, and that its love and confidence will grow with its advancing age and intelligence, so that, while it may not be able to recollect a time in which it did not love God, it will have the consciousness that its love grows with its growth, and strengthens with its strength, and thus becomes more and more the ruling principle of its life.

"What we plead for is that the child should first of all be made acquainted with God's love, and especially with that marvellous manifestation thereof which begins at Bethlehem and ends at Calvary. We would have it conceive of God as THE GOOD ONE. We would have its first impressions of God to be pleasing. We would have it regard Him, not with

dread, but with childlike confidence and joy. We would give it such a representation of His character as might tend to draw forth its virgin affections. We would have it think of Him always as a friend and father, to whom it may go in its every distress, from whom it may ask help and receive consolation. We would seek to show it, both by precept and example, by what we allow as well as by what we provide, that His service is not unreasonable in its exactions—that religion is not the foe of innocent enjoyment—that it prohibits no pleasure of which we can safely partake—that the best man may be the happiest, and that all the suffering in the world has its root in wrong, existing only because God's creatures violate the laws of their loving Father. Then would sin appear heinous when seen in the light of God's love, and the justice of punishment be recognised without the heart being seared by the contemplation of its awfulness. Happy are they who enjoyed such an early training, who have never thought of God but as a Father, whose earliest recollection is the pleasing impression produced by the thought of His goodness, and in whose mind religion has always been associated with all that is bright and fair. With no dark impressions to fight against, no habit of terror to overcome, no feeling of distrust stealing over them almost in spite of themselves,

they enjoy more, and as they have the capability, so is it their privilege and obligation to render unto God more than their fellows."

The life of our son, I venture to think, is a testimony to the soundness of the views here expressed. They bore fruit, even imperfectly as they were acted upon, in his early decision for Christ and growing consecration to His service. The training based on them was made, by Divine grace, the means of uprearing a character distinguished by its self-sacrifice for others' sake; and, happily, we have in our own family seven living witnesses to their effect in leading children early to love and serve the Lord. Of the eight—four sons and four daughters—whom God has given us, there is not one who is not, so far as we can judge, a child of God. Our second son preceded his brother in the mission-field, and nearly all his brothers and sisters are or have been more or less actively engaged in Christian work. They may not always have been all that we could wish or all that we expected, perhaps because their training came short of our aim. But they have all, we rejoice to believe, given their hearts to Christ. They have all imbibed Christian principles as the rule of life—principles to which we have never appealed in vain, and principles which we believe will operate to the correction of all faults, and to the upbuilding of a style of character such as becomes the gospel of

Christ. And, through God's infinite mercy, we are all, as a family, united in the principle and the purpose of our life, and are enabled to cherish the hope that

> "When soon or late we reach that coast,
> O'er life's rough ocean driven,
> We shall rejoice—no wanderer lost,
> A family in heaven!"

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD.

THE delicate state of our son's health somewhat interfered with his early education. Too fragile in body to be exposed to the jostling of boys in a public school, and a suitable private school not being accessible, it was necessary, and indeed accorded well with the inclination of his parents, that he should be taught at home until he was twelve years of age. In a religious point of view this was not, in my estimation, a thing to be regretted—there being no place in which a child is so likely to receive a proper religious training as in a truly Christian home. Nor did it retard in any degree his mental development. His naturally active mind needed not the stimulus of competition to call it into exercise. In addition to preparing for his lessons, in which he was never backward, he was fond of reading; and, as already stated, especially fond of observing and recording his observations on such facts in natural history as came under his notice.

Accordingly, when he went to the London University school at the age of twelve, he found himself not only able to compete with boys of his own age, but in classes where the greater part were his seniors he took a first place; and although he had been only one term at school, he bore away at the examination the first prizes for proficiency in four different subjects.

His school course, however, was very short. His failing health compelled his removal after he had been there only three terms. And as the medical adviser intimated that the greatest care must be taken of him, and that his removal to the seaside was indispensable, it was thought well that we should make our family residence at Brighton for two or three years. The change proved beneficial to him in every way. Rambles along the shore and on the fine breezy downs wrought a wonderful improvement in the state of his health, and afforded him favourable opportunities for gratifying his love of natural history, as will appear from some extracts from his diary which we venture to insert a little further on. My own arrangements admitted of my spending a good deal of time with him and his brothers and sisters in those rambles. Residing in Brighton while London was the sphere of my ministry, I thought it necessary to avoid such extra engagements as would take me more away either

from my family or my work. This gave me a good part of my week evenings at home: and it was our custom, after the studies of the day were over, to go down to the pier on winter evenings, and in summer to take long walks in the country, every part of which for miles round became quite familiar to us, and was known to us by some name which we gave, such as we thought suited its character. There is no finer country for summer evening walks than is presented by the downs in the neighbourhood of Brighton; and it was no wonder that they proved so pleasant to us all, and especially to him, when, in addition to the natural scenery of undulating land and gleaming sea, he found so many minute natural objects to engage his attention. "They were happy days those Brighton days!" he afterwards wrote in his diary, showing what pleasant memories his residence there had left.

During the greater part of our stay there, the family attended the ministry of the Rev. R. Vaughan Pryce, M.A., LL.B., with whom he formed an intimate and pleasant acquaintance, which proved highly beneficial to him; and when, after a little more than two years, we returned to reside in London, Mr. Pryce kindly received him into his house, that he might continue a little longer to receive the benefit of the sea-air, and superintended his studies during his stay. For all the interest he took both in his mental and

physical welfare, his mother and I have ever since felt sincerely grateful.

A few extracts from his diary will show the bent of his mind while in Brighton, and how his residence there fostered his love for natural history, which, during the remainder of his life, proved to him a source of so much interest and enjoyment.

"*February* 25.—I counted twenty-seven joints in a piece of a small prawn's antennæ, not quite a quarter of an inch long. The antennæ itself was about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch long, so that there were in the whole antennæ 135 joints.

"I have had the prawn about six months in my possession, in which time I have known it cast its skin twice. When I first caught him he was about half the size he is at present.

"In Mr. Gosse's 'Devonshire Coast,' in speaking of the prawn, he remarks that when exposed to the light, the bright colours with which his skin or shell is so beautifully painted fade so much as to be scarcely discernible. I noticed this myself a few days ago. It happened in this manner: about a week ago the weather was very cold, and had been so for two or three weeks, and the prawn was very weak (from the effects of the cold I thought, and it appeared afterwards that I was right), so I placed him in a shallow basin full of water which I kept

warm, and in a few hours he became all right again. I kept him in the basin for a few days, and then replaced him in the aquarium. Whilst doing so I noticed that he appeared of a very pale colour, and could not account for it, until, in looking at him again a few hours afterwards, and seeing that his colour had returned as brightly as formerly, I remembered what Mr. Gosse had said. The truth was that in the aquarium (it being shaded from the light on two sides, and the water being deeper) he was much less exposed to the light than in the shallow water in the basin."

"*February* 28.—Yesterday, in glancing at the aquarium, I noticed a little animal which I had never seen before, and took it out of the aquarium and put it by itself in a wine glass, so that I might not lose it. It is about the eighth of an inch in length. The head comprises a sixth part of the entire length. The tail is about twice the length of the head; it tapers gradually, and is rounded abruptly at the end. There are six pairs of legs, the same length as the head; and antennæ, or horns, the same length, which appear to be jointed, and taper gradually from the base to the termination. The body has six divisions or joints, each of which carries a pair of legs. The general colour is drab, darker on the head, and lighter on the tail. There are four white spots, one on the junction of the head with the body, one

on the junction of the tail, and two others on the body. There is a red line commencing at the head and running about half-way down the body in the middle of the back. At its termination there is a black spot under the skin, which is semi-transparent, which I take to be the stomach. The eyes are situated on the sides of the head, near the tentacles; they are small and black."

"*April* 10.—In a horsepond in the Dyke Road found a medium-sized frog and a newt about four inches long. This was in the afternoon. In the morning in a pond on the other side of the racecourse, three or four of the beetle called boatmen. I had seen frogs before, but this was my first introduction to efts and boatmen; and I remember well my own and my brothers' excitement and glee over our captures. Those Brighton days were happy days. The newt was a female smooth newt, and the boatmen were wrong-sort (*corixa Geoffroyi*)."

"*April* 13.—Found eft dead, after tea. Before tea, on the racecourse, a nimble, or viviparous, lizard about six inches long. The first lizard I ever caught."

"*April* 15.—Saw three lizards among the furze, but did not succeed in catching any. Saw three others in a bottle which a boy was carrying, who said they ate crumbs of bread. One of them had a new tail forming where the old one had broken off."

"*April* 18.—Sometime about the middle of last year I placed a burrowing caterpillar in some earth in a pot formed of a cocoanut shell. To-day my brother, in turning the earth, saw the caterpillar in a cell formed of earth, which was rough on the outside, with little bits of stone sticking to it in some places. It was quite smooth inside and looked like an acorn cup in the shape of an egg. It was broken in one place by being thrown out of the pot. I put the caterpillar in some earth in a glass marmalade pot, and kept the cell as a curiosity."

"*May* 18.—Last week lost my lizard (I had kept it about a month). The manner in which I lost it was curious. I had let it run up the cord attached to the bolt belonging to the lower sash of the window in my bedroom; having reached the top of the cord, it began to crawl over the pulley; when about the half of its body had disappeared, I seized it by the tail to pull it back. Knowing how brittle (if I may use the term) a lizard's tail is, I should not have done this had I anticipated any resistance on the part of the lizard. Although I had been in the habit of carrying him about in my hand, both indoors and out, he had never before made any efforts to escape, and therefore I did not expect him to do so now. But, alas! no sooner did he feel my grasp than he dashed over the pulley into the darkness, leaving about three inches of his tail in my hand,

the remaining half-inch being still attached to his body. I made a despairing grab at this stump just as it was vanishing from sight, but it, too, came off in my hand; the lizard was gone, and I never saw him more. His loss was almost compensated for by the amusement and astonishment which his forsaken and mutilated tail afforded me, and also to other spectators. The thicker and shorter piece of that appendage contented itself with twisting and writhing itself in the place where it lay. The longer piece was much more energetic. It skipped all about the table; and presently, having approached the edge, tumbled on to the floor, where it continued its saltatory performances with undiminished vigour for a considerable time. I do not remember how long it was before it became quite quiet, but I think it must have been fully a quarter of an hour. The other piece ceased from its movements much sooner. It is no exaggeration to say that the longer piece *skipped*, it literally *jumped*, not *wriggled* about."

"*January* 2, 1866.—My yellow-hammer (Merlo) died. Although I had not had it long, it was very tame, and would take food from my fingers. It was very fond of black-beetles (cockroaches) and crickets, especially the latter. It had a curious habit of shamming death when it was handled—lying on its back in my hand, with its head hanging loosely

down, and its eyes shut, and suffering its legs to be pulled about, its wings opened, or its tail spread, without moving a muscle or showing any other signs of life. I once plunged it (when it was thus shamming) into a jug of water, withdrawing it again directly, but even that (if I remember rightly) failed to rouse it."

It will be seen from these entries what an amount of pleasure his tastes enabled him to find in ordinary and commonplace objects, and what habits of minute observation he was beginning to form. Those tastes and habits were greatly fostered by his residence in Brighton, and were, as long as he lived, the source of much enjoyment, especially when his place of residence was favourable to their exercise. There was no living thing, however minute and however generally disliked, in which he did not take an interest. His study and bedroom were filled with pets, not only of the kind of which people are generally fond, but such as are by most regarded with aversion—toads, lizards, efts, tritons, beetles; and, in fact, every living thing of which he could lay hold, he used to keep, and tend, and watch, until they were regarded almost as personal friends with which it was painful for him to part. Everything connected with them was carefully recorded in his diary, which, in course of time, extended over several

volumes. The following entries made at a later period will show not only the minuteness of his observations, but the devout spirit in which they were made :—

"*January* 13.—Last Saturday (7th) evening, while walking on the Brighton Chain Pier between seven and eight o'clock, I was suddenly startled by hearing the cry of sea-gulls. I looked for them in all directions, but for a long time in vain. At length, however, after straining my eyes in fruitless efforts, I saw the dusky form of one flit between me and the moon, and by keeping my eyes constantly fixed on it, I managed to follow it in its motions as it sailed swiftly to and fro over the pier, uttering every now and then its piercing cry. In a short time it was joined by two or three companions, and I ceased to watch it. In such a scene—the dark sea slumbering around, with a shining pathway of reflected moon-beams stretched across its broad bosom as far as the eye could reach ; the star-besprinkled sky, with here and there a fleecy cloud decking its vast expanse ; and the pale moon shedding her peaceful light over earth and sea—in such a scene the scream of the gulls, coming as it did from such shadowy, ghost-like beings, and mingled with the distant murmur of the breaking surf, had a most weird, but by no means unpleasant effect.

"Is it a common thing for gulls to fly at night? I have seen them do so before, and, if I remember rightly, on each occasion they screamed as they did on Saturday last. Whether they are generally silent when they fly after dark, and my attention was called simply because they were vocal on these occasions, or whether they always utter their cry when flying at night, I do not know."

"*May* 31.—Yesterday afternoon, when looking into my pond, I saw a triton (warty newt) floating on the surface and making feeble attempts to get below it. After a time it floated on its side, as though one side were heavier than the other. It appeared to be very fat. I took it out of the water and put it among the strawberry plants; to-day, about noon, I found it dead. It presented a most peculiar appearance. Its body was enormously distended, being a full inch in diameter at the thickest part. The skin of the body was perfectly smooth, crisp, and glistening. A number of transverse furrows down the back showed the position of the ribs, the skin being puffed out between them. When held up to the light it (the body) looked exactly like a blown bladder, being quite translucent. The solid parts were dried up into very small compass, and were all on one side. In fact, the poor reptile had evidently died from the effects of some very virulent poison, which had caused intense internal heat. I pricked the skin

with a pin, and it gradually collapsed, but without losing either its crispness or its gloss.

"A smooth newt in the same pond was floating on its side at the surface this morning, but seems now to be recovering.

"It is pretty evident that the water of the pond is charged with poison of some kind. I conjecture that one, perhaps both, of the two circumstances I am about to mention may have been the cause. (1) A day or two ago a friend of mine dropped a trowel into it with which he had just been mixing Portland cement; (2) the pan containing (or rather forming) the pond has stood for some weeks past close beside a lilac bush. A great many of the flowers fell off into the pond, and there rotted. This, I think, is the true explanation of the badness of the water. My reason for so thinking is, that some years ago a number of pond snails (Lymneac) which I put into a bottle containing a few bare but green twigs from a lilac bush all died in a few days."

"*June* 20.—This afternoon, on the upper side of a leaf of one of our next-door neighbour's poplars, I found a puss moth's egg. It is the size of an ordinary pin's head; in shape, a flattened cone with a very minute knob at its apex; in colour, pale chocolate brown. Less than an hour after I took it, the caterpillar emerged. It is about the eighth of an inch in length, jet dusky black, with a feathery horn

or tuft on each side of its head. The tail-spines, or whip-sheaths, are nearly as long as the body and of the same colour. The protrusile whips, or lashes, are about the same length as the sheaths, but entirely different in colour, being bright red, with a white band running round each very near to the base, or sheath end.

"*June* 28.—The puss moth caterpillar cast its skin yesterday, two days after it ceased to feed. Its colours now are as follows:—Body, dusky black, two patches of reddish brown on each side—one near the head, and another near the tail; the patches near the head are large, and almost meet on the back, those near the tail are small. Head, dusky black; the feathery horns or tufts on each side are reddish brown. Tail-spines, beginning at the base, are banded as follows:—dusky black, dull reddish brown, brownish black, very pale reddish brown or flesh-colour; tips, bright red, with black stripe round the middle."

"*July* 5.—The puss moth larva has cast its skin for the second time. The brown spots on the sides are now brownish yellow; otherwise the colouring is much the same as before. The colours of the tail-spines are less bright."

"*July* 12.—The puss moth larva has just completed its third change of skin. The green patches are now bright but pale yellow, in certain lights

greenish yellow. The head, horns, and top of the first segment are sooty black. In other respects the colouring is the same as when last described."

"*July* 18.—The puss moth larva cast its skin. The colours are almost exactly the same as those described on page 41 of my diary. The spiracles are wanting on the second and third, and I think also on the last, segments. The upper surface of the first segment is of a very pale, watery green colour. The front part of this segment forms a sort of socket for the head."

"*July* 27.—The puss moth larva began to spin its cocoon. It is five weeks and two days old, having left its egg on the 20th of last month. It is a very fine specimen."

"*August* 3.—We leave to-night for Scuddylaw. I intend to take with me the dog, the toad, the frog, the house-spider, the copper-winged ground beetle, and the two crickets."

October 3.—Whilst I was looking into one of the tanks in the aquarium house, my eye was caught by a greyish patch situated at about the centre of one of the ends of the tank, which are of slate. At first I could not make out what it was; but after a while, by looking along, instead of directly at the surface of the slate, I discovered that it was composed of a great crowd (some hundreds, I should think) of minute anemones. Each tiny zoophyte

was pure white, about the eighth of an inch in length, less than a third of that in thickness, and furnished with tentacles three or four times the length of the trunk, so slender as to be quite invisible except when looked at with the light behind them. The close array of little white columns standing out at right angles from the dark-coloured slate, and shrouded in front by a fairy curtain of long thread-like tentacles, had a most pleasing and beautiful effect."

"*October* 30.—This morning I took a blowfly that was crawling on my study window. I put it into the box in which I keep the other one, who, I think, is very well satisfied to have a companion in his dwelling. He (the first-caught one) has nearly finished the lump of sugar with which I supplied him. His mode of feasting, although I suppose it is common to all blowflies, is very curious, and well worth recording. Instead of sucking all parts of the surface equally, so as gradually to reduce the lump in size without altering it much in shape, he goes on sucking in one spot until he has sucked a deep pit or tunnel, until, I suppose, he has gone as far down as his trunk will reach, and then he moves to another place, very soon forming another tunnel. The small remnant of sugar that now lies in his box presents quite a honeycombed appearance. I put in a fresh lump to-day, and he and his companion

have been busy sucking it. I do not think the old lump has been touched since I put the new one in."

"*Nov.* 7.—The first-caught blowfly died this evening. It has lived a long time—three weeks and two and a half days—in captivity. The box in which I kept it was glass-topped. Its dimensions are: length, six inches; breadth, two and a half inches; depth, one inch. At one end I put a piece of folded rag for the bluebottle to creep into at night and so keep himself warm when there is no fire in the room. Two or three days ago I exchanged the rag for a piece of flannel, which I think answered better. The other blowfly is still alive.

"*Nov.* 11.—The second blowfly died this afternoon. I have kept it about twelve days. It has only survived its companion four days.

"*Nov.* 23.—Sometime during the past summer George and Tom caught a toad rather larger than mine. They keep it in a sort of lumber-room where there is never any fire, and it is therefore subject to less and fewer unnatural conditions than mine (which lives in my study) has ever been in winter. The consequence is that my toad, although it is certainly more sluggish than in warm weather, shows no signs of torpidity, while theirs is now in a semi, if not complete, state of coma. Mine still has an appetite—in fact, it made a meal of two or three worms this afternoon; theirs refuses all food. Mine has its

eyes wide open and bright; theirs keeps its eyes almost closed, while the part that remains open has a dull and lifeless appearance. Mine remains above ground; theirs has half-buried itself. Mine is comparatively active; theirs never moves from its place, and even when touched, only shrugs its body. In short, mine is not, while theirs is either already in, or entering into, a torpid state. How long it may remain in its present condition I do not know, as the severe weather which we have experienced for some weeks past has now broken up. Most of my observations of the differences in the appearance and condition of the two toads were made to-day. I hope during the winter to make further observations, the results of which I shall record in these pages."

"*November* 24.—The mild weather has roused the torpid toad into a state of wakefulness. It has moved away from the place where it was buried, and its eyes are wide open."

"*December* 15.—George and Tom have lost their toad. It escaped from its prison last night. Whenever I looked at it during the late frost, which lasted, with only very slight interruptions, from the 3d to the 9th inclusive, it was in the torpid (or semi-torpid) state described before."

"*December* 20.—I fed the toad with two earth-worms this afternoon. It has had nothing to eat since the 23d of November. This would not be by any means a

long winter fast for a toad in a state of nature, but it is pretty well for one that lives in a closed case in a warm room."

"*December* 23.—I bought a (so-called) Hamburgh skylark to-day from a respectable-looking man who professes to be a brother of the inspector of our gas-meter. He told me that he was going out to India in a few days, and that before he went he wished to dispose of the bird—which he had tamed and made a pet of while he was lying in the hospital with a broken jaw—to some one who would take proper care of it and treat it kindly. Hearing (from his brother) that I was fond of animals, he brought it from the city this afternoon in his pocket, and offered it to me for a very small sum—small, that is, if it really be a foreign bird. The whole affair may be a hoax, but I do not think it is. The man looked honest, and the lark is a fine healthy-looking bird and remarkably tame. It answers to the name of 'Charlie,' will come to its master, feign death, and perform one or two other tricks at the word of command. It is fed on a mixture in equal proportions of crushed hemp-seed, canary-seed, and crumbled bread-crumb. I hope it may live long, and flourish, and enjoy a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

"*December* 26.—The skylark, I am happy to say, is alive and well, so I have not been cheated. I let it out of its cage two or three times a day. It usually flies

down to the floor at once, and there it stays. I have sprinkled some of its food in one corner, on the carpet, and it spends most of its time of liberty in that neighbourhood. It has been bolder and more inquisitive to-day than heretofore, prying about in all directions. It seemed this morning to have a special desire to see what was inside the fender. It kept running from the end to the front and then back again, every now and then stretching itself to its full height in vain endeavours to look over the edge, evidently in a state of great excitement and curiosity. It generally gives me a great deal of trouble before I can get it back into its cage; for, not content with scuttling about the room under tables and chairs, whenever I get it cooped up in a corner it immediately takes to its wings, and I have to wait patiently and inactively till it chooses to return to *terra firma*. Then there is another chase, with a like result. After a time when 'Charlie' gets tired, and becomes in consequence rather less quick in his movements, I seize him with a sudden grab and consign him to his private apartments, where he stands panting with tail spread and beak open, looking quite hot and indignant. He has an eccentric habit of spending the night in his food box."

"*January* 25.—The lark is becoming tamer. Twice over lately it has settled on my foot while I have been sitting reading, and on the second occasion it stayed

there for some minutes enjoying the warmth of the fire. Just as I concluded the last sentence, it (the lark) trilled a couple of silvery notes. This is the first time since I obtained it that it has used its vocal organs, except twice, once on the same day as, and once on the day after, I bought it. On each of these occasions it uttered a little squeak or squeal, when I took it in my hands. The sound it made to-day, however, was not (it has just uttered three or four more notes) a squeak, but a regular chirrup. It has a strong liking for the inside of the fender. Almost the moment my back is turned it flies into the fender or on to the hearth, sending up (much to my discomfort and disgust) a perfect cloud of black, white, and piebald smuts. This is an eccentricity of which I do not by any means approve, but unfortunately my disapproval does not have the slightest effect upon the manners and customs of my friend the lark.

"Let me close this year's record of my observations on the wonderful works of our Heavenly Father, by a quotation from one of the sublime poems that are contained in His Word.

"'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works!

"'In wisdom hast Thou made them all:—the earth is full of Thy riches,

"'So is this great and wide sea,

"'Wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

"'There go the ships:

"'There is that leviathan whom Thou hast made to play therein.

"'These wait all upon Thee—that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season.'

"Farewell, a long farewell to 1870. I have learned much concerning animals and plants in it. May I learn much more in the coming year—1871; and may all I learn draw me nearer to God, and make me more like Him. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

"Here ends the record of my observations on the wonderful works of God during the year 1871. I am afraid I cannot say in the words of Mr. Gosse, that 'the impress on all, of His hand, who is our Father and Saviour, has added a keener edge to the enjoyment' I have derived; for I am conscious how seldom my study of nature has led my thoughts up to nature's Author, the God of love. May that study in future years be, as it were, 'a pathway to Himself.' 'For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen.'"

The desire and prayer of these closing sentences were abundantly answered. So much did the study of

nature lead his thoughts up to God, that when he was afterwards engaged in ministerial work, and full of evangelistic zeal, he was ever ready to draw on his knowledge of nature's works for the furtherance of his great object. Among his papers there is the outline of a volume on natural history which it was his purpose to write, with an introduction explaining his plan and aim. And although other and pressing duties prevented the accomplishment of this purpose, his ordinary ministrations now and again showed how he looked on nature as a book in which the divine character was mirrored, and from which help might be derived for the understanding of that other Book in which God has given to men the clearest revelation of Himself. In a sermon, written at the age of eighteen, on the text "He hath done all things well," there occurs the following passage on the perfection by which the works of nature are characterised :—

"All the works of God are stamped with the seal of perfection. Nothing that He has done has been done imperfectly. However closely we may look we can find no flaw; but the minuter our examination the greater the beauty and the perfection which are revealed. How great is the contrast in this respect between the works of man and the works of God. Even the most elaborate and highly-finished piece of human workmanship appears perfect only when

glanced at with a careless eye, or subjected to a merely superficial examination. As soon as we come to examine it more thoroughly, to take it to pieces, and to pry into all its details, then how imperfect and faulty is it seen to be. Not so is it with that which has been formed by the hand of the Divine Artificer. Examine it as closely as you will, subject it to the most searching, strictest scrutiny; pull it to pieces; try it by the severest tests, you can find no flaw. All is perfect and complete. Take an illustration. The finest cambric when placed under the microscope becomes coarse in appearance as a piece of sackcloth. That which seemed so delicate and faultless is now seen to be marred by many defects. But take the microscope and with it examine a butterfly's wing. It discovers no blemish, it reveals only fresh perfection, beauties, and wonders, which to the unassisted eye are invisible. By its aid we discover, that that which appears fine is in reality coarse, but that which seems plain and rude is really most wonderfully and elaborately formed. For those atoms of apparent dust with which the butterfly's wing is so thickly bespread, are seen to be minute feathery scales of the most exquisite and varied shapes and the most delicate markings, and adorned with colours which are almost unequalled in their beauty. Truly, O Lord, Thou art perfect in all Thy works!

"Again in respect to beauty, how far do the works of God surpass those of man! Where will you find a blue equal to the grand unfathomable blue of the overarching sky, or a green equal to that of the grassy mantle of the earth, or of the forest trees? Where will you find colouring equal to that with which the bird's plumage is adorned, or with which the flowers are painted? Walk out in the early dawn, and watch the sun as he rises from his dewy couch. See how, as he approaches the horizon, sending out his long beams to announce his arrival, the tops of the far-distant hills are tinged with deep, rich purple, and the few vapoury clouds which float overhead are flushed with pink, and the pale sky all around is suffused with golden light, which grows brighter and brighter, until at length the sun himself bursts forth in his strength, imparting light and heat to all around. Walk out again in the evening, and look on the glories of the sunset. Overhead, the sky is of a profound blue, which, nearer to the horizon, gives way to lilac, this again to yellow, and, finally, around the sun itself all other colours are absorbed in the golden glare. The clouds, which hang like a sable curtain before the sun, are edged with shining gold, while, in the opposite horizon, the cloud mountains are of all shades of chocolate and brown, topped with domes of snowy white, and the more feathery cloudlets are saturated with crimson or rosy light.

Presently, as the sun disappears beneath the horizon, these bright hues begin to fade. The crimson disappears, the brown becomes black, and the gold gives way to pale yellow. The blue overhead becomes deeper and deeper, and the lilac is absorbed. At last all colour is gone except the universal blue. The pale stars come out one by one, and the moon sheds her soft and peaceful radiance on all around. Look on all this, and then tell me whether the hand of man has ever produced anything so wondrously beautiful?

"Can anything that the hand of man has fashioned compare in elegance of form with the delicately-fretted frond of the fern, or the graceful and feathery palm? Is not the ivy that mantles the crumbling walls of some ancient ruin making it appear beautiful even in decay, or that hangs in graceful festoons from rugged sides of some lofty cliff, clothing its barren surface with a garment of evergreen, incomparably more beautiful than the most delicate piece of drapery that has been wrought by the most skilled of human workmen?

"That perfect adaptation of certain means to certain ends, of which the works of God afford such numerous and such striking examples, is another proof of the perfection of His works as contrasted with the works of man. We select two out of the almost innumerable illustrations which might be adduced in support of this statement. The oars of the wherry,

or the paddles of the canoe, are but imperfect and comparatively feeble imitations of the fins of a fish; and the tail of a dolphin enables it to shoot along with a speed that even the great steamship cannot equal, notwithstanding its huge paddle-wheels and its powerful screw. For ages past men have been trying to discover some means whereby motion in and through air may be performed with accuracy and precision in any given direction. Machine after machine has been made, experiment after experiment has been tried, but to no purpose. All have signally failed. The most perfect of these machines, though it may rise into the air, yet is incapable of guidance, and is under no control but that of the winds, at whose mercy it is driven helplessly about, first in one direction and then in another. How admirably, on the contrary, is a bird formed for moving through the air. Notice its light but powerful frame, its long and vigorous wings, its tapering form, its smooth and close-lying plumage. Could any structure be more completely fitted for the end in view? Look on the eagle as he soars majestically far overhead. See how calmly and easily he sails along on motionless pinions, steering himself in whatsoever direction he lists by an occasional, almost imperceptible, flutter of his wings. *He* is not at the mercy of the winds. He delights to brave their utmost fury. Proudly he cleaves his way in the very teeth of the tempest.

" ' Firm on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
With his wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but steers onward, right on ! '

" Illustrations might be multiplied of the perfection, and the wonderfulness, and the beauty of God's works, but time will not permit us to say more on these points, and we have already said enough to show the truth of the statement with which we set out that, in the works of Nature, our God ' hath done all things well.' "

CHAPTER III.

COLLEGE LIFE.

FTER leaving Brighton, our son attended the college at Regent's Park under the presidency of Dr. Angus, where, with a break of a year which he spent with the Church at Ford Forge, in Northumberland, he remained until he settled in Kirkcaldy. His college course was not remarkable for any eminence in study, his still delicate constitution preventing anything like severe application. Nevertheless he greatly enjoyed this part of his life, and formed pleasant acquaintance with some of his fellow students, with whom he kept up correspondence to the last. He was during the time more or less engaged in different kinds of Christian work, as is shown in a few extracts from his diary, which we insert a little further on. His first sermon designed for public delivery was prepared about the time he entered college, and was first delivered at Eyemouth, my native place, just after he had completed his eighteenth year. He had a

sentiment that he would like to preach the gospel first of all where his father had commenced preaching about his own age; and, being on a visit to relatives in the North, he took the opportunity of preaching in the Eyemouth Baptist Chapel. A week or two later he preached for Mr. Chedburn, our minister at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and was greatly encouraged by the kind way in which that gentleman expressed approval of his early efforts, and congratulated him on the prospect of future usefulness. Not long after, he preached for me in Regent's Park, taking for the occasion his sermon on "He hath done all things well," the third, I believe, which he ever wrote, and greatly pleased the congregation both by the maturity of his thought and the quiet earnestness of his manner. During his college course he was invited by the church at Ford Forge to spend a year with them, and believing that a residence in the country for that time would benefit his health, he, with my advice, accepted the invitation. After leaving there he returned to college, and during the remainder of his course took an active part in evangelistic work in connection with our mission-hall. The following extracts relate to this period.

Ford Forge is a small hamlet on the banks of the Till, where a church had been formed on what are called Scotch Baptist principles some seventy years ago. After having passed through many vicissitudes

the small body of believers, although they still continued to meet together for mutual edification, were at that time without any settled pastor or teacher. Few in number, they were also spread widely over the surrounding district, so that their gatherings were very small, and, in some states of the weather, very uncertain. The minister himself had to reside at a farmhouse called Tiptoe, the residence of one of the deacons, distant several miles from their place of meeting. The church had been the scene of revival in previous years, and just then a neighbouring hamlet, of the name of Duddo, had been visited by a Mr. Dunn, an earnest, devoted evangelist, whose labours had been greatly blessed, especially to the members of one family referred to more than once in the following extracts. The same spirit which actuated John in after years, when he gave himself to missionary work, appears in him now, and comes out again and again in the entries in his journal.

"*March* 27, 1872.—My youngest sister, Annie, was baptized this evening. All the members of the family except the two youngest, George and Tom, have now joined the Church of Christ. God grant that as soon as they are old enough to understand rightly what is meant by becoming members of the Church, they may not be backward. I do not think they will, for I am sure they both love Jesus. As

their years and their knowledge increase, may their love tenfold increase, and may they be—what I pray earnestly that God will help me yet to become—'*uncommon* Christians.' I wrote a long letter to Annie this evening, urging her to 'search the Scriptures,' and to 'pray without ceasing.' Oh, my Father, grant, I beseech Thee, that that letter may be a help and a blessing to her! And do Thou alway watch over her, preserve her from evil, and make her eminently holy, for the Saviour's sake. Amen."

"*May* 5, 1872.—Sunday. Preached to a congregation of about thirty-eight or forty on 'Ecce Homo' (John xix. 5). I was very low-spirited about it before I preached, thinking it was a poor thing; but after it was over, I was agreeably surprised to find that some were quite enthusiastic about it, and all seemed to have liked it. Oh, my Father, help me to preach better and yet better sermons, so that I may therewith glorify Thee! Help me, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"*September* 29.—We made our first attempt at a Sunday-school at ten A.M. Five teachers were present and six scholars. We had some singing, reading, and prayer, and I said a few words to the children, telling them what was the object of the school—to teach them about Jesus; that they must come early, behave well, not be afraid to ask questions of their teachers, and each one try next time to bring another

with him or her. At the usual time preached to a congregation of forty-three, on 1 Cor. xv. 58. I should have said above that I took down other three names, besides the six, of Sunday scholars. Some of the scholars come from a distance, and will not therefore be able to attend regularly. P.M. — At Tiptoe preached extemporaneously on the same subject as last Sunday evening, viz., John xiv. 23. The one kitchen was quite full, and there were some hearers in the other kitchen also. They were all very attentive during the forty minutes I spoke, and towards the close were so still that a pin might have been heard to fall. The meeting was at five o'clock. I had no thought of holding a meeting until late on Saturday evening, but then I felt strangely impelled to it. I am heartily glad and thankful that I complied with the inward impulse, which I firmly believe was from God. I believe there will be good fruits from this evening's service."

"*October* 20.—Sixteen present at the Sunday-school, two of whom were new scholars. Preached to a congregation of forty-seven or forty-eight, on David's desire (Ps. xxiv. 4). In the evening I rested, and Messrs. Craise and Craig, of Berwick, addressed a crowded meeting in the kitchen at Tiptoe."

"*Oct.* 22.—Had a meeting at Duddo this evening, at 7.30, in T——, the joiner's house. The room was as

full as it could hold, many were standing. Extemporised on John xiv. 2, 3. I have promised to hold another meeting some time."

"A. O—— walked back to Tiptoe with me. On the way I talked to him about using tobacco, snuffing and smoking. I spoke of my reasons for becoming a total abstainer from intoxicating liquors (which I became about a month ago). While I was speaking he flung his pipe over the hedge, saying that he would try and give up his use of and liking for tobacco. I don't regret having become a total abstainer."

"*November* 17.—Nine or ten Sunday-scholars. No teachers except J. P——. The Till is so swollen that A. D—— couldn't very well come; would have been compelled to take a very roundabout road.

"To a congregation of twenty-seven extemporised on John xiv. 15–24. P.M.—At Tiptoe (in accordance with Mr. T——'s suggestion) extemporised on the same subject. Got on better, I think, than in the forenoon. At least I enjoyed both the meeting and the speaking more. The position of the hearers has more effect on a preacher than one would imagine. It is much easier and pleasanter to speak to people who are sitting in a mass, 'touching one another,' than to speak to the same people when scattered about a place. At the Forge the hearers were scattered; at Tiptoe they were together. All seemed

very earnest this evening, and were very attentive. I hope good has been done. Mr. T—— gave me great encouragement this evening after the service. I was saying that I thought he had given me good advice when he advised me to take the same subject as I had taken this morning. He said he could have listened to the discourse again, and that a good discourse was never the worse for being preached twice; and with that he clapped me on the back, saying heartily, 'You never give us a bad one!' I do not preach in vain, even if I do nothing more than please and profit him. May God help me ever to preach better!"

"*December* 1.—A.M.—Sixteen scholars and all the teachers were present at the Sunday-school.

"Congregation thirty-nine. Extemporised on John xiv. 25–31. Afternoon went to Shoreswood Colliery, where some Duddo folk hold a meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3.30. W. T—— spoke for about half an hour on the words, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' I followed and spoke for about twenty minutes on John v. 40, 'Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life.' Afterward we had an hour's prayer-meeting, in which women as well as men took part. Two women prayed. It was beautiful to hear them; their language was so earnest and appropriate. After the prayer-meeting we spent about an hour in speaking to those who

were anxious—two of whom found peace in believing. I have never been at a more profitable and delightful meeting."

"*January* 26, 1873.—A.M.—Congregation thirty-seven: extemporised on Psalm xci. P.M.—Read the first division of my sermon on 2 Tim. ii. 3. John M—— tells me my sermon on Jeremiah viii. 20, caused a good deal of talk in the neighbourhood. May it cause more than talk in the case of many. It has been so talked about that the H—— steward, who did not hear it, wants me to preach it again."

"*January* 28.—Told E—— D—— my intention to leave at the end of the quarter. He was a good deal cut up, said my decision was quite unexpected. He said many kind things of me, for which I am grateful. It is hard to leave people whom I have learned to love, and who, I believe, have learned to love me; but I cannot help myself."

In the beginning of April 1873 he returned home, and was for a short time without any regular work, except that he had to pursue his studies with a view to returning to the college at the commencement of the following session. With his delicate health, he might not unreasonably have thought that this was enough. But his ardent spirit did not suffer him to rest content with that while he could find any opportunity of attempting to do good to others. A

mission-hall connected with the chapel was unoccupied on Sunday mornings, and here with a band of earnest friends whom he gathered about him, he immediately commenced an evangelistic service, which, along with other efforts, he maintained until he was again called to enter on Christian work in another sphere.

"*April* 6, 1873.—Some few weeks ago my brother proposed that I should start a morning service in the mission-hall connected with my father's church, offering to give as much help in preaching as he could. I consented gladly, and we held our first morning service to-day, from 11.30 to 12.30. My brother and Mr. F—— both prayed, and I spoke for rather more than half an hour from John xiv. 2, 3. The congregation numbered about twenty—quite as many as I had expected at our first meeting."

"*April* 9.—Two of the people whom my sister regularly visits are Mrs. Cook and Miss Wright. Both are poor, and Miss Wright is blind and bedridden. They are Christian women, and my sister thought they would be pleased if some of us were to hold a little meeting in their room every Wednesday, before the time of the service at the chapel. Accordingly, she and Mr. F—— and I met there this evening. We sang hymns, and read the Word and prayed, and had a very pleasant and blessed time."

"*July* 15.—My sister and I came to Duddo yesterday. Conducted the prayer-meeting this evening. Made a few running comments on Philippians ii."

"*July* 20.—Open-air meeting at Shoreswood, at 3.30."

"*July* 22.—Duddo prayer-meeting. I conducted it as before. Read and commented on Philippians iii. At P——'s request I asked the friends to pray for the conversion of Fräulein S——, which they very willingly did. P—— and H. O—— both prayed. It was a blessed meeting. I could not help thinking it was an illustration of the reality and the grandeur of Christianity. Here was a company praying earnestly—wrestling with God—on behalf of one of whom the majority of them knew absolutely nothing, save that she was 'without hope and without God in the world.' I thank God that I am, through His grace, a Christian."

"*August* 10.—Preached for my father this evening. Delivered my sermon on the 'Christian race.' I think I got on better with it than I have ever done before. I had almost as much freedom as if I had been extemporising, and did not need even once to refer to my manuscript, which I did not even take out of the sermon-book. The congregation, which was remarkably good for this time of the year—the gallery being better, and the area almost as well,

filled as in the winter—was very attentive. I hope some may have been benefited. I wish always when I preach to seek rather the good of those to whom I speak than to obtain their praise. Nevertheless, expressions of pleasure are very gratifying when they come unsought. I was specially gratified last night by the kind and hearty way in which some of the friends spoke about the sermon; —— in particular, who does not often, unless he is very pleased, came forward with tears in his eyes, and thanked me most warmly for the sermon; and Mr. K—— was no less kind. They tell me that my delivery and voice have both improved, of which I am glad.

"I am afraid this is a very egotistical paragraph, but it is written now, and I will not strike it out. Keep me humble, O my Father! and help me to preach better in the future than I have ever done in the past. I need more power over men. Give me that power, and also greater sympathy. For Jesus' sake."

"*September* 23.—Yesterday evening at eight o'clock W—— and I and four others met together in Mr. H——'s class-room, at the chapel, to make arrangements for more vigorous efforts in connection with the Sunday forenoon service at the mission-hall. T—— having engaged in prayer, asking the Master's blessing on, and guidance in, our deliberations, we had a friendly conversation for about an hour, and

then, after I had offered prayer, separated, having first decided to meet again after the Wednesday service. The meeting was only preliminary, and therefore not perhaps quite so business-like and productive as it would otherwise have been. Still something was done, as the following will show. It was decided—

"1. That all engaged in the work should meet together at least once a month for prayer and conversation in relation to the work.

"2. That we should as often as possible attend other meetings at the hall, especially tea-meetings; above all, the three men's tea-meetings, at which, in the aggregate, six hundred men are present.

"3. That at such meetings we should announce the forenoon service, and invite the people to attend.

"4. That at such meetings we should mingle and converse with the people, in order to become acquainted with them, their needs, their peculiarities, the best way to touch their hearts with the Gospel, &c.

"5. That we should at once get a thousand handbills printed, announcing the services that are held at the hall, and inviting the people to attend.

"6. That these handbills be distributed at all the meetings referred to in No. 2.

"7. That the tract-distributors connected with the church be requested to enclose one of said handbills in every tract they give away.

"8. That evangelist's plans be drawn up, on the pattern of the Primitive Methodist plan (of which each of the eight evangelists is to receive a copy), appointing the speakers for every Sunday during the next quarter.

"9. That the plans be renewed every quarter.

"I hope and pray that our attempts at more organised effort may be the means of hastening the ingathering of souls, for which we labour and pray. May the Lord God keep us all in humility, and zeal, and brotherly love; and may we seek to do all not for our glory but for His."

"*October* 5.—In the evening I was again at the mission-hall, this time speaking. There were about eighty present. I spoke from Jeremiah viii. 20, for forty-five minutes or more. The people were very attentive, and I hope God's message went home to some hearts. Last time I preached from this text the discourse, as I found afterwards, caused a good deal of talk, but I never heard of any decided result from it. I hope the effect this time will be the other way—not talk, but conversion. There were two men—strangers—in the hall, who seemed from their expression to be among the unsaved. I exerted myself particularly on their behalf, but apparently without result. The face is not always, however, a correct index of the feelings; so that it is possible they may have been touched, though they gave no

sign. God grant that it may be so; and may His Holy Spirit carry on the work in their hearts until all resistance is broken down and they become humble believers in Jesus our Saviour."

"*October* 9.—After the service last night the evangelist band met together in Mr. H——'s class-room. There were present, A——, F——, T——, S——, Willie, and myself. A—— opened the meeting with prayer. We conversed pleasantly for half an hour or more about the work at the mission-hall, and, passing from that, about Christian work in general. The time to me, and I believe to the others, went all too quickly. F—— closed the meeting with prayer."

"*October* 12.—A very wet day. The attendance at the mission-hall this morning was in consequence considerably smaller than usual, although there were more children than ordinarily. I conducted the meetings and preached myself; but Messrs. F—— and A——, the only other members of the evangelistic band that were present, prayed. I spoke for rather more than half an hour on 2 Timothy i. 12, 'I know whom I have believed,' &c. I have a sermon on that text which I read over six or eight times during the week, but I had no notes with me at the hall. I got on much better than I had anticipated, having all the certainty, without the restraint, that I should

have felt had I committed the sermon to memory. I shall adopt this plan often in future.

"At the morning prayer-meeting at the chapel I asked for prayer on behalf of the Christians in Duddo and its neighbourhood who were converted through Brother Dunn's revival meetings. I shall write to the Duddo prayer-meeting this week, and I know all who gather at it will be gladdened and encouraged when they hear that they are thought about and prayed for by fellow-believers in London. Messrs. F——, C——, and B—— all made mention of them in their prayers."

"*October* 13.—Attended a meeting convened by Messrs. Pearsall Smith, W. E. Boardman, Henry Varley, and others at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, in Great Marlborough Street. The three whose names I have mentioned spoke on the subject of perfect subjection to the will of God. I cannot speak very favourably of any of the addresses. There were many good thoughts and many admirable illustrations, but they were jumbled together in such inextricable confusion that much of the good effect they might otherwise have had was entirely lost. There was a good audience, but it was chiefly composed of women—owing in part, no doubt, to the hour at which the meeting was held—three o'clock. I am glad I was present."

"*November* 5.—Special meetings for united prayer and observance of the communion were held by the churches in connection with the London Baptist Association, on Monday, in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at 7 P.M., and again yesterday, at 6 P.M., in the following chapels—Brockley Road, New Cross, S.E.; Grove Road, Victoria Park, E.; Cross Street, Islington, N.; and Regent's Park, N.W. I was present at the meeting in our own chapel. There was not so large an attendance as could have been wished and might have been expected. It was a good meeting, however, in all other respects, and must, I think, be productive of much good in the represented churches. Of ministers there were present Angus, Booth, W. Brock, Clifford, Cox, Handford, Roberts (of Cornwall Road), Stott, and others, all of whom, together with certain unministerial brethren, took part in the proceedings. The object of the meetings was to seek for a greater degree of spiritual life and power in the associated churches. God grant that the desire of His people in this matter may be fully realised.

"I received a letter yesterday evening from George S—— of Coatbridge, with whom—though I never saw him in my life—I have had some correspondence relative to a discussion on baptism that came off in the Methodist church with which he is connected, and in which (discussion) he took part. The

letter contains his photograph 'as a slight acknowledgment of the kindness you have manifested towards me during our correspondence.' I was very glad to receive the photograph, and rejoice to feel that I have made a friend."

"*November* 7.—Yesterday evening we held our old teachers and scholars' tea-meeting. As usual it was well attended, and as usual was a first-rate meeting in all respects. At the same time the second monthly tea-meeting in connection with the mutual aid society was held in the mission-hall, Mr. Henderson in the chair. I had to leave the other meeting to attend this, but returned again before it was over. After some remarks by Mr. Henderson, and the singing of 'Whither pilgrims are you going?' I was called upon to speak. I spoke for about twenty minutes on prayer—pray at all times: pray about all things. I had unusual freedom of speech, and as the people listened very attentively, I hope my remarks may, through God's blessing, be productive of good. After staying about an hour and a half at the mission-hall, we (my brother and I) returned to the other meeting. We arrived about half an hour before it closed. After it was over, a pleasant time was spent in greeting and conversing with old friends. We left, all too soon, some time after ten o'clock."

"*November* 8.—Yesterday evening the following students spent the evening at our house, ——, ——,

and the two R——s. We spent a very pleasant evening. R——, senior, is a fine fellow—fine in nature and disposition, and I think also of unusual ability. My heart is very much drawn out towards him. He exercises a kind of fascination on me. I hope he and I may one day be close and dear friends. ——, too, is a very nice fellow, but does not come up to the R—— standard. In fact, there is not a student of Regent's Park College, either past or present, that I feel drawn to as I do to R——. He is the son of one of our missionaries in India. The Lord bless him in all things, for Jesus' sake."

"*December* 11.—Willie, F——, S——, and I met in Mr. H——'s class-room to talk about the mission-hall work. After a pleasant conversation about that and other Christian work, and about various Christian workers, living and dead, F—— prayed and pronounced the benediction, and we separated, all, I think, feeling profited as well as pleased by our brief meeting. God help us all to labour and pray more earnestly than we have ever yet done for a great awakening and ingathering of souls at the mission-hall!"

With the young man mentioned in the last extract but three, he formed a very cordial friendship. The first time they met, I believe, was at my son's settlement in Kirkcaldy, when his friend came from

Coatbridge to be present at the induction services of one whom he had never seen, but had learned through correspondence to love and esteem. Mr. S—— afterwards went to study at the Metropolitan Pastor's College, and has now been for some years the useful and honoured minister of one of our suburban churches. His letter at the close will show the estimate which he had formed of the friend whom he was so soon to lose.

CHAPTER IV.

MINISTRY IN KIRKCALDY.

IN the close of 1873 he received an invitation to supply the pulpit of the church, meeting in Whyte's Causeway, Kirkcaldy, which had been for some time without a pastor. His short visit there he seems to have heartily enjoyed. A warm, mutual attachment sprang up between him and a number of the people, which issued in his receiving and accepting a call to become their settled minister. His impressions of the people, and the feeling with which he preached to them, he has recorded in his journal.

"*December* 27.—On Christmas evening went to the Sunday-school soiree at Whyte's Causeway. It went off very well. Mr. M—— opened the meeting with prayer, and gave the first address. I closed the service with a few words of prayer. Last night went to another Christmas-tree soiree at Philp's school. Mr. C——, the teacher, invited me, along

with the H——'s. He would have me speak to the children, in spite of all I could say; so, in desperation, I told them the story of Trotty and the gingerbread nuts. I hadn't it very well up, but it nevertheless pleased the children greatly."

"*December* 28.—Got on better to-day than last Sunday. Congregations about the same. A.M.—Took my sermon on Mark vii. 37, 'He hath done all things well.' P.M.—Delivered my sermon on Revelation iii. 20. The people were remarkably attentive in the afternoon. There seemed to be a solemn feeling. I hope the sermon may be the means of leading some to decision. For Christ's sake."

"*January* 1, 1874.—I conducted the prayer-meeting last night. There was a very fair attendance. I expounded Psalm xci., and had some freedom in doing so.

"I finished my sermon yesterday forenoon. It preached to me as I was making it, teaching me a lesson which I hope I shall always bear in mind, namely, that the Christian should have no care or anxiety about temporal things, but casting all *that* care upon his Lord, should be anxious only to do the right. Since the thought struck me, I have been earnestly striving to keep my spirit free from all anxiety and care, 'to trust in God and do the right.' May He help me in my endeavours to honour Him

by preserving tranquillity and cheerfulness of soul. I have had a great deal of depression, and gloom, and sorrow in the year that is past; but this year I will, with God's help, fight resolutely against my despondings tendencies, and 'be careful for nothing,' but to please and honour Him."

"*January* 3.—On Thursday visited Mr. D. I——, and yesterday Mr. W——. I have much enjoyed both visits. They are all extra nice people. I was at Mr. H——'s this evening. Some remarks of his have shown me that I am very likely to get a call. Some people have already expressed a wish to have me, and my preaching seems to have given general satisfaction. The close communion practice of the church would lead me to hesitate to accept the call, if it should be given. Do Thou help me to do what is right, O my Father! For Jesus' sake."

"*January* 4.—The congregations have been thin to-day, owing to to-morrow being a general holiday here. I preached and conducted the services with much enjoyment to myself, and I hope with profit to the people, who were more attentive than usual. A.M.—Delivered sermon on Psalm xxiii. 1. P.M.—Delivered sermon on the 'Christian Race' (Phil. iii. 13, 14), closing with an appeal to the young people—of whom, I understand, there are many undecided—to give their hearts, and consecrate their powers to Christ. I felt very much

impressed when uttering the last few sentences. I felt as though I had been speaking in vain, and I was agonised in spirit over the souls of the young people before me. Give me the soul of one, at least, O Lord, for a New Year's gift, and to Thee shall be all the praise. For my Saviour's sake, grant me this request."

"*January* 6.—This evening I spent most pleasantly at Mr. J. I——'s. The people here have faults like others, but they are nevertheless the finest people I ever came in contact with. I hope they will give me a call, so that I may at least have the opportunity of settling among them."

"*January* 11.—Attended an evangelistic meeting in Bethelfield Church. The place was crammed; many—some say hundreds—had to go away, unable to find even standing room. There must have been, at the lowest estimate, 1300 or 1400 present. The meeting lasted two hours and a quarter, but there was the greatest attention throughout. Mr. B——, the minister of the church, conducted the opening service, which was very brief, and said a few words. All denominations were represented. Well-known and suitable hymns were interspersed among the addresses and prayers. I spoke from John v. 40, and had much freedom. After the service the Provost greeted me very kindly, and said that if I came back to Kirkcaldy I should at any rate have a welcome from the

Provost. The meeting was a very enjoyable one to me, and I think cannot but be productive of much good. A similar meeting is to be held in Kirkcaldy Parish Kirk on Sunday week.

"On Monday three of the deacons escorted me to the station, where we were joined by a fourth. I felt greatly honoured and gratified by this mark of respect on the part of the office-bearers. I can never be too grateful for the kindness and courtesy of my Kirkcaldy friends."

During his stay in Kirkcaldy he received a letter from his sister, to which he refers in a manner which shows his interest in Christian work, and the pleasure it afforded him when his relations took part in it.

"I got a letter from Pattie this morning, in which she says there seems to be the beginning of a great awakening among the scholars in our Sunday-schools at Regent's Park, such as there has never been before since she became connected with the school, *i.e.*, during a period of about twelve years. I will quote her own words. 'I have ever so much to tell you about my Sunday-school class, and about the school altogether. I believe a revival is beginning in the school. We have had a special prayer-meeting after the teaching for the last four or five Sundays, as you know. Last Sunday I should think as many as fifty

of the elder scholars remained to it. One of my girls seemed very anxious; she was asking me a great many questions as to what she must do to be saved. Another one has come to the Saviour—a very poor girl, about thirteen years old. I was very much surprised about her. Colonel Griffin came and spoke to her at my request. He asked some questions, which she answered with beautiful simplicity and earnestness. It would have done your heart good to have heard her. I never knew any one who had such simple, childlike faith in Christ as she seems to have. She has a miserable home and a bad mother. I can't think how the child has learned what she knows. She says she has never heard of Christ except in my class. In other classes, I believe, the same thing is going on. There has never been anything like it in the school since I have been a teacher.' This news, together with that contained in Willie's letter of the 25th, that H—— B—— is to speak with him at the mission-hall to-morrow, have caused me great joy of heart."

To this joy of heart he gives expression in a letter written next day—a letter remarkable not only for the spirit of earnestness which it breathes, but for the wisdom of its counsels, especially as coming from one so young.

"DEAR ——,—I was very glad indeed to hear that

you are to speak at the mission-hall next Sunday. I have often wished you would attempt that kind of work, but I never spoke about it, because I think that, in regard to such a matter, the first impulse should come from within, not from without. If the Master intends any one to engage in the work of publicly preaching the Gospel, He will surely put the inclination and desire into His servant's heart. I think, however, that Christians should be on the watch for the first stirrings of that desire in themselves, or its manifestation in their fellows, and should zealously foster and encourage it.

"Although I never heard you speak otherwise than in private conversation, yet I judged from what others said, that you could, when you chose, express your sentiments on any matter with considerable freedom of language, and could, moreover, speak to the point. I knew, too, that you had pretty clear and decided views on most matters. For all these reasons I thought you would make a good speaker, and be a great help to us at the mission-hall. As I have said, however, I did not like to speak unless I saw signs of an inclination on your part. Now, I have no hesitation about saying all I think and feel about the matter.

"I hope you will not be discouraged, still less deterred from speaking again, if you do not get on very well on your first attempt. You must expect

not to do as well as you could wish the first time, or for many times after the first. You will probably feel it to be a very different and much more difficult thing to speak on matters relating to salvation and eternal life, even to such a handful of people as compose the mission-hall audience, than you found it to speak in the young men's meetings. But even if you should—which I am confident you won't—completely fail and break down, I say again, do not be discouraged. Practice makes perfect in this as in everything else, and failures only teach useful lessons, that render future failings more and more unlikely. I am sure you *can* preach. Where God gives the desire (as I am assured He has done in your case), He never fails to give the fitness also. If at first you don't succeed, therefore, try again, nothing daunted. Make up your mind that with God's help you *will* declare to others the Gospel that has been blessed to you, and you will triumph over all difficulties. There is nothing like determination. Sometimes I fix on a text for a sermon. It is a text that very much commends itself to me most likely, but yet, after turning it over and over in my mind, I can make nothing of it. I begin to get into despair. But I know it will never do to be beaten in that way. If there is a sermon in the text, there must be some way of getting it out. So I say to myself, 'Now, you've got to make a sermon

on that text, whether you can or not, so you'd better set about it.' And I do set about it, and invariably succeed in making something—whether good or bad I leave others to judge. Some of my best sermons, however, have been made from texts that I considered hopeless.

"There are other things more important than determination, however, on which your success will depend —I mean careful preparation and prayer. About the latter I need not speak. I know that you will not attempt anything,—especially anything so important,—without earnestly praying about it. The more thoroughly any sermon, any announcement, is 'steeped in prayer,' the more will it be fraught with blessing to men and glory to God.

"As to careful preparation, I may say a word. Extemporaneous gospel preaching requires as much and as conscientious preparation as a written discourse. Never fall into the mistake of supposing that evangelistic speaking takes no trouble. It requires much thought, as well as much prayer, in order to be successful, and the more of both that are consecrated to it the more successful will it be.

I rejoice greatly, I thank God, that you should have been led to take this step. There are far too few of the non-official members of Christ's Church engaged in the great work of publicly preaching the gospel. Many who could speak well, sit with

their mouths shut and suffer men to perish, because they are too lazy or too aristocratic, or too finical to work for the Master. Never give up the good work to which you have now set your hand. If you can't, after all your efforts, preach well, be content to preach badly. What does it matter if souls are saved and the Saviour honoured? Better serve the Lord badly than not at all. None of us makes too great sacrifices, or works too hard, God knows. May He give you much joy and success in this work, and an exceeding great reward at last. Let us pray for one another that we may be more consecrated."

Shortly after this he received an invitation to the pastorate, which he accepted, and commenced his stated labours on 24th May 1874. At the Recognition Service, which was held on the 30th June, there were present Provost Swan and several of the ministers of the town, together with the Revs. S. Newnam, J. Simpson, Mr. Haig (former pastor of the church), from Edinburgh, J. Grant, from Anstruther, and Dr. Landels, from London. The father of the young minister took the chair, and addresses welcoming him to his sphere of labour, and expressive of brotherly interest and confidence, were delivered by the Provost and nearly all the ministers who were present.

He had scarcely entered on his work when he found that he had difficulties to contend with, which

might well have proved trying to a man of much greater age and experience. Tastes differ as to preaching, as well as other things, and his does not seem quite to have suited some of the members. He was young, and appeared more youthful than he really was. And it is not surprising that there were some who would have preferred to have as their pastor a man of more advanced age. Some of these left before his settlement, others remained, although still dissatisfied. These circumstances rendered it peculiarly necessary that he should conduct himself wisely, and show no preference for those who had shown their partiality for himself. On this course he prayerfully resolved; and so far did he succeed, that some of those who had not voted for his going became his most attached and devoted friends, and now speak in the strongest terms of the salutary influence of his ministry on the church. Factions, too, had existed in the church previous to his settlement: its history, to say the least, had been somewhat stormy. Disturbing elements were still at work, and the mere fact of some of the leaders being in favour of his settlement as pastor, was enough to arouse a spirit of opposition which it was difficult to overcome.

Notwithstanding these difficulties he had not been long there before his ministry began to bear fruit, especially among the young. Before a few months

had passed a considerable number were baptized and added to the church, among whom were six members of one family. One of these supplies a curious illustration of how men will err in their estimate of probabilities, and of how results which appear most unlikely may nevertheless come to pass. Among the objections offered to his settlement by one of the members, the foremost was given to the unsuitableness of one so young having to deal as minister with the large number of young people connected with the congregation. Especially, the objector thought, it would be incongruous for such an one as Miss J. I—— to go to him as an inquirer. And yet to this very one his ministry was signally blessed; and the Miss J. I——, whom the wise man could not conceive of as going to the young minister for spiritual instruction, owed her conversion to the young minister's instrumentality, and became, before two years had passed, the young minister's loving and devoted wife.

Not only did his ministry bear fruit in conversion; a spirit of zeal and activity was infused into the church, and different organisations for Christian work originated, which have since been productive of good results. Among other things he organised a *Christian Workers' Society*, which aimed at employing the members of the church in some kind of useful work, and was admirably adapted for its

purpose, as the following copy of the rules will show:—

"1. *Name.*—That this institution be called the Whyte's Causeway Chapel Christian Workers' Association.

"2. *Constitution.*—That it consist of all members of the church and congregation who are engaged in some distinctively Christian work, *i.e.*, work for Christ.

"3. *Objects.*—The objects of the association be—To foster mutual sympathy and helpfulness on the part of the workers by making them acquainted with one another's work. To render the efforts of the *body of workers*, and also of each individual worker more systematic and efficient. To devise new plans of work, and to improve those already in operation; and to devise means to induce those who are doing nothing to engage in some active work for Christ.

"4. *Officers.*—That the officers of the association be a president and a number of vice-presidents, and also a secretary, who shall also act as treasurer.

"5. *Management.*—That the association be its own committee of management, twelve members to constitute a quorum.

"6. *Meetings.*—That the meetings of the association be held monthly, in the following order:—Business meeting; prayer meeting; tea meeting. The series to be repeated each quarter.

"7. That the first tea meeting in the year be likewise the annual meeting of the association.

"8. That the secretary have the power to convene special business meetings whenever required.

"9. That all the meetings, with the exception of

the business meetings, be open to all who wish to attend.

"10. *Alteration of Rules.*—That no alteration can be made in the rules without the consent of a majority of the members present, and without notice of the proposed alteration being given at the previous quarterly business meeting."

While he thus sought to employ the members of the church in Christian work at home, he laboured still more assiduously to interest them in missionary operations abroad. In occasional sermons he earnestly pleaded the cause of foreign missions, and statedly, in his addresses at the monthly missionary prayer meetings, he sought to excite and foster an earnest missionary spirit. The result was the awakening of a degree of zeal for this cause, which he sought to utilise by the formation of a *Missionary Working Society.* In this he had to encounter a degree of opposition from some of the officers of the church, which was trying and harassing in the extreme, and had to be met with the most unflinching determination on his part, and at the same time with great care and tact, so as to avoid alienating the sympathies of the church, which were all on his side. The officials declared that his zeal for missions was excessive, and would prove detrimental to other interests. One of them quoted the case of a minister who preached so often on the divinity of Christ, that

he made many of his hearers Unitarians, and, said he, "You preach in favour of missions so much that you will turn your people against them." Another intimated that he did not like spasmodic efforts, although he did not attempt to show what there was spasmodic in Christian people meeting monthly to work for such an object; he intimated further that the church had reached the maximum of giving,—it could not do more, and if the minister insisted on more of its resources being devoted to missions, his own salary would not be forthcoming. This string was harped upon until he was obliged to say that he had heard that threat oftener than he ought. He wished them to know that he was not dependent on his salary; God had given him a head and hands, and he would work for his living if necessary. A third, after the working meeting had been started, and was going on successfully, sought to have its proceeds appropriated to what he knew would be a popular object with the members,—the removal of the debt on the chapel; and to induce them to comply with his wish, offered himself to contribute a handsome sum for the object proposed. The workers, however, would not be turned aside from their purpose even by this strong inducement. Without rejecting his offer for the removal of the debt, they continued to work for the mission, and the result was that the church's contributions for missionary purposes were multiplied

more than threefold, the minister's salary, instead of being reduced, was increased, the debt on the chapel, amounting to more than £200, was paid off in a few months by the contributions of the members; a gallery has since been erected, and although two or three of the wealthier members withdrew, the givings of the church for all purposes have been greater than at any previous time in its history.

These things, of course, brought him into unpleasant friction with the leaders who opposed, and exposed him to persecution from some of their friends, which was not easily borne. And perhaps nothing could have better testified to his true Christian spirit than his bearing towards his persecutors under the greatest provocation. We never heard him utter a word at variance with the charity which suffers long and is kind, and is not easily provoked. His natural feelings were kept under restraint, and he never forgot that even those who despitefully used him were those whose highest welfare he should seek to promote, and that he must not frustrate his object by any display of even righteous indignation. Such things could not fail to prove painful to one of his sensitive nature. He had naturally a great yearning for affection, and disliked to live on unfriendly terms with any one. His chivalrous soul, as it revolted at the thought of injustice or unfairness, made him feel all the more keenly any manifestation of such feeling

towards himself; and though he bore it in the spirit of a martyr, no one can tell what an amount of suffering it caused, or with what inward pain he frequently performed his public duties, or how much it cost him to return good for evil, and to continue spending and being spent for those who so ill requited his benevolent solicitude.

There were ample compensations, however, for his trials. He greatly enjoyed the friendships which he formed among the members of his flock, in whom he found, although some of them moved in the humblest walks of life, qualities of character which he greatly admired. He attended most assiduously to pastoral visitation, devoting to it a stated portion of time weekly; and while attempting to make his visits conduce to the spiritual profit of his people, entering in the most familiar manner into their everyday concerns, and sympathising with them both in their joys and their sorrows. Through these visits the people got to know and appreciate his unselfishness and devotedness to his Master's work; and friendships were formed between him and them which his departure from them for another sphere of labour, and even his death, has not dissolved.

We may here introduce what will better indicate, than any words of ours, the nature of his ministry, and the effect it produced; the testimony borne by an officer of the church in a letter to his wife; and

by his successor in the pastorate in the few words in which he referred to his death:—

"My Dear Mrs. Landels,—I am pleased to have this opportunity of expressing my truest sympathy for you in your present great sorrow, and however unable I feel to do so, it is with heartfelt thankfulness that I remember the Lord Himself fully understands it, and to be fully understood by Him whom we know is (in the realisation of it) to possess the strongest consolation.

"I esteem it a great honour to have been counted among your dear husband's friends. His true and simple manliness seemed to pervade the entire atmosphere he breathed, and this, the most healthy and invigorating of all influences, I not only felt with thankfulness myself, but it was manifestly felt by all his friends and the church here; and for the latter, it has, I am thoroughly persuaded, reason to be grateful to no one so much as him for any real life which it possesses.

"The letters which accompany this I send you, thinking you would like to have them, or that they might be useful to you. I need not say I prize them highly, and if you have ever done with them I should be pleased to see them again, as his memory will be fondly cherished by myself and my dear wife as one of the true guiding stars to the blessedness he now enjoys.

"That the Lord Jesus may be ever very near you is my earnest desire; and with love from myself and my dear wife,—I am, &c.

"The Late Rev. Mr. Landels.—On Sabbath last, the Rev. Mr. Urquhart, the much-respected minister of

Whyte's Causeway Baptist Church, made feeling allusion to the lamented death of the Rev. Mr. Landels, his predecessor in the ministry there. He chose as his text Matthew xxiv. 14—'And then shall the end come.' In beginning his discourse he said: As was announced last Sunday, I purposed asking your attention to another part of Scripture, but since then an event has happened which has changed much besides that intention of mine. That night he whom we had remembered in our prayers passed into the eternal rest. The tidings come to none of us for the first time to-day; but when they were first heard, it was with the shock of a personal bereavement. Our hearts are busy with thoughts of these things to-day. You cannot forget the years during which he ministered among you, and declared to you from this very place the counsel of God. You cannot be deaf to the lessons of his life—of the unflagging zeal and the sterling uprightness which even a stranger was compelled to mark. We bear upon our hearts his young and desolate widow, his bereaved parents, and those now among us on whom this blow has so heavily fallen. We know God is ever wise and kind, and yet how dark this dispensation seems to us. His work had opened so promisingly, and now his voice is suddenly silenced! The soldier had only equipped himself for the battle, and the Master has called him away! It may be that the casting of that young life, like a seed-corn into the earth, may produce an hundredfold—that upon his fellow-labourers in that field a spirit of zeal may descend which otherwise they had not known, and that even here, among ourselves, fruit may be found in decision for God. We cannot express our thoughts, and it is needful that here

and now they should find direction, and that God's word should meet and interpret God's deed. It seems but yesterday that he stood among us and told us of his work, and now we know that never again on earth shall we hear his voice or see his face. The event has a voice for us, and that it may speak its message fully, I ask you to consider with me the words we have read, 'And then shall the end come.'"

The sentiments thus expressed were, we have reason to believe, shared in by nearly all the members of the church. Even those who disliked his modes of action, and were disturbed by what they might consider his over-zealous attempts to further the objects on which he had set his heart, could not fail to recognise the singleness and loftiness of his purpose; while those who sympathised with his objects and methods—and they formed the great majority of the church—loved as well as respected him. Among the young, especially, his earnest unselfish spirit, combined with his freedom from everything like sanctimoniousness, his readiness also to enter into their views and feelings, produced the most favourable impression, and led them, while they revered him as a minister of Christ, to love him as a brother. The sentiment uttered by one was cherished by many:—"He was my ideal of a man and a Christian."

CHAPTER V.

APPLICATION TO THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FROM a very early age he formed the desire to be a missionary, a desire which was cherished all through his college course; and even after that was greatly strengthened by his intercourse with the Rev. J. C. Page, whom we had for some time the privilege of entertaining as our guest. That desire would have led him to offer himself to the Baptist Missionary Society for mission work in India, had it not been for my conviction that his constitution was not equal to the trials of such a climate, and my assuring him that as a Member of Committee I would feel it my duty to oppose his application. This, together with the call to enter on other work, and the extent to which God blessed his labours, prevented the application being made. The desire for missionary work, however, was only restrained, not extinguished. He still cherished the hope that somehow or other, in the Providence of God, the way would be opened for his realising what

had been the dream of his life. Now and again, when some statement in the missionary reports revealed the need of labourers, or when he came in contact with some devoted missionary from the field whose devotedness to his work rekindled his aspiration, his desire to offer himself to the Society could scarcely be repressed. He thought on missions, talked of missions, wrote about missions, and thereby, while seeking to enlist the sympathies of others, fanned his own zeal in the cause. A letter to his brother, who was then a student at Regent's Park, written during his pastorate in Kirkcaldy, will reveal the workings of his mind on this great matter:—

"In regard to the question of missionary? or minister? or preaching man of business? I always felt sure that you could preach, and that you ought to preach as often as you were able, although I had an impression that you were less fitted for pastoral than for other kinds of ministerial work, and when at one time you seemed to have made up your mind to go into business, and yet preach as much as you could, I was glad. Nevertheless, in secret, I always wished you would become a missionary, but as you seemed to have no drawing in that direction, I felt that it was of no use to urge it. Now, however, that you seem moved to become a missionary, I say, by all means do so. I think you have many qualifica-

tions for a missionary. You have no exclusiveness about you, nothing, that is, that makes you inclined to hold back from any but Englishmen; but are naturally ready to be friendly and brotherly to all men. Then, too, you do not mind roughing it; and, moreover, you are willing and able to turn your hand to almost anything. Besides all these things, practice will make you a first-rate speaker, and I do not think you would find foreign languages so difficult as some do who go out as missionaries.

"You say you are not as enthusiastic about missionary work as you could wish. What about it? I am not one-tenth as enthusiastic as I could wish, but I am not going to give up pleading and working for missions on that account. Enthusiasm doesn't come by wishing for it, but by considering and pondering over the immense need of heathen and other countries, the fewness of the workers, and so on. Besides, it is not the presence or absence of enthusiasm that should decide you. Christ says, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Are you able to go? Are you willing to go? If you can say 'Yes,' it appears to me you are bound to go—unless you are convinced that you ought to remain at home —for the need here is as nothing compared with the need of foreign countries. To say nothing of Roman Catholics, members of the Greek Church, and Mahometans, there are more than eight hundred million

of heathens in the world. In India, with its 300,000,000, there are about 600 Protestant missionaries. In China, with its 410,000,000, nothing like 400—I believe only about 200 Protestant missionaries; and Africa is little better off.

	India.	China.
Inhabitants, . . .	300,000,000	410,000,000
Missionaries, . . .	600	200

"In China there are provinces, with a population larger than that of England and Scotland combined, without a missionary. In India there is worn-out Mr. Page, *almost alone*, in the midst of districts with a united population of nearly 12,000,000. We Baptists have, I think, about 2000 ministers (pastors and evangelists) labouring among our 22,000,000 of population. We have about 60 missionaries among the 800,000,000 heathen. During the past year some hundreds of thousands of pounds were raised in this country for religious objects, of which only £40,000, or thereabouts, was devoted to the benefit of the 800,000,000, the heavy balance being spent for the good of the 22,000,000. An American missionary, Mr. C. H. Carpenter, says, 'Among the 40,000,000 of professing Christians in the United States there are labouring no less than 12,000 *Baptist ministers*. Among the 1,000,000,000 of the world's unevangelised population, there are labouring *only* 60

foreign missionaries sustained by American Baptists. In other words, the Baptists of America, knowing that God intended His Gospel to be preached to all the world, and even to every creature in it, give about one preacher to every 3000 people who already know that Gospel by heart, and *only one* to every 16,000,000 of those who never heard it!' In China alone *thousands* pass into eternity *every day* who have never heard of Christ!

"*I* would go if I could, to preach the Gospel to the heathen. But the Master plainly says, Stay! and I cannot go till He reverses the commandment. But it is different with you. You do not feel that it is your duty to stay, then surely you ought to go. You are young, and strong, and healthy, and active, and handy, and have, at least, a fair gift of speech. You have the love of Christ in your heart, and you long to save souls. You have no ties, no previously-formed engagements, binding you to this country. And will you, when there is such tremendous and pressing need in the mission field, settle down comfortably at home, where there is comparatively little need, heedless of the voice of the 1,000,000,000 who cry, 'Come over and help us!' heedless of the Saviour's commandment, '*Go* ye into all the world!' unless He says to you, 'Work for Me at home'? I would rather you turned your thoughts to India or China; but if you feel drawn to ——, by all means go there.

Only, *go!* Unless you feel it your duty to stay at home, *go!* And do not be troubled because you feel sometimes full of enthusiasm, sometimes cold and careless. Christ does not tell us to feel enthusiastic; He tells us to work. We have no right to waste time over our feelings; our business is to do the work He sets before us to the best of our ability.

"Meanwhile, I would advise you to study the Bible—the Bible itself. Read it and think over it till you get it into you. Read theology also. Read and think much about missions. And do not forget to pray. Your heart and your desires are right, and the Master will reveal His will to you.

"'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, I knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth *thy* heart, doth He not know it? and shall He not render unto every man according to his works?' . . . 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'

—Your loving brother, JOHN LANDELS."

A short time after this letter was written, his brother resolved to offer himself to the Baptist Missionary Society for mission work in Italy; and it was no doubt his entrance on that field which led to the elder brother's thoughts being turned in that direction. His heart had been set on India, and

when the state of his health forbade his going there, he probably felt as if the door were closed against him, and did not think of any other sphere until his brother's going to Italy suggested that, though not in the field he preferred, the cherished wish of his heart might be gratified after all. How the thought first arose there is nothing in his papers to show. But after a lengthened correspondence with his brother, in which the latter pleaded that the claims of Italy, even as compared with India, were not to be disregarded—that though the population of the latter was so much the greater, that consideration ought not to weigh very greatly, inasmuch as in no country, however great its population, could a missionary influence more than he could reach—he seems to have yielded to his arguments, and, relinquishing his long-cherished hope in regard to India, resolved, if the Society would accept him, to join his brother, and work in unison with him, so far as their different locations in the same country might allow.

About the time this decision was formed, he was asked to speak on the subject of missions at the forthcoming meeting of the Baptist Union of Scotland, which was to be held in Dundee. This invitation, as it gave him an opportunity of pleading for the cause he had so much at heart, was gladly accepted. The address he delivered was an earnest heart-cry on behalf of foreign missions. Facts which cannot be

too much pressed on the attention of the Church were presented with a freshness and force which could only be given to them by one who had prayerfully brooded over them, and felt most keenly their awful importance. Some portions of that address, at least, may be appropriately inserted here, not only as showing the feelings with which he entered on his work, but as fitted to rouse a more ardent missionary spirit in some of our readers.

"MISSIONS.

"In thinking over what course it would be best for me to pursue in fulfilling my appointed task of opening this Conference, I concluded to confine my remarks to the subject of Foreign Missions, leaving the kindred theme of Home Missions, if discussed at all, to be introduced by some other speaker. Being aware that this decision, while it may commend itself to some, is still more likely to be condemned by others, I beg leave to offer a few remarks by way of explanation.

"Let it be understood then, at the outset, that my reason for treating only of foreign missions is *not* that I regard home missions of no importance. On the contrary, while I think their *comparative* importance is often over-estimated, in a manner and for a reason to which I shall presently refer, it is my firm and long-held conviction that their *actual* importance

has never been rightly estimated by the Baptist denomination, or indeed by any denomination whatsoever. If a true estimate had been formed, there would be no idle members in our churches, fewer empty seats in our 'houses of prayer.' There would have been far less poverty and sickness, degradation and ignorance, profanity, drunkenness, and crime; in a word, far less misery and sin than we now mourn over as cursing the land we love, had all Christians rightly understood and faithfully obeyed that great command—a command none the less real and binding that it was spoken in a parable—'Go out into the highways and the hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.'

"Nor have I decided on the course I propose to take to-day, because I think the operations of our Highland mission, or those carried on in their immediate neighbourhood, by such agencies as the Glasgow Association, or by individual churches, are undeserving of notice. Far from it. In regard to the Highland mission especially I feel that the opinion expressed concerning it, at a public meeting some years ago, was not one whit too high. The speaker said, if I remember rightly, that in the manner in which it was conducted it was 'one of the most apostolic of all missions,' and in that saying I most heartily concur. When I read of the indefatigable labours, the patiently-endured hardships, the bravely-

faced dangers, the zeal, the courage, the perseverance, the faith, the self-sacrifice, as well as the often wonderful success, of our missionary brethren, I feel that not only are these things not undeserving of notice, but that they ought to be made known far and wide. They would surely stir up the sympathies of those whose lives are less arduous and self-denying, and perhaps lead some who are now doing nothing to 'go and do likewise.' I may be pardoned, perhaps, if, before passing from this point, I take the opportunity of expressing publicly the regret and indignation I felt at the attempts made at the last annual meeting of the Society to put down our brother M'Farlane of Tobermory. Perhaps he spoke a little too long—he certainly did for his own comfort—but that is a mistake not very inexcusable surely when a man is telling of the conversion of many never-dying souls, and is full of enthusiasm in his work. And even if there were no excuse, ought not an audience of Christian people to have Christian patience? Some one said to me after the meeting, 'That missionary made a great blunder, poor man. He seemed to think he was the lion of the evening.' Sir, I didn't know that we were there to listen to lions. In my simplicity I thought it was to hear tidings of the work of the Lord. And of one thing I am sure, it was not those who are most deeply interested in the

operations of our Home Missionary Society, and most earnest themselves in Christian service, who made the painful, and I do not hesitate to say disgraceful, demonstration that interrupted so rudely what, as the succeeding speaker declared, sounded like a 'new chapter in the Acts of the Apostles.'

"Neither, lastly, do I refrain from speaking of home missions because I think there is no need to advocate their claims. Until the annual income—at least that portion of it derived from Scottish sources—of our mission to the Highlands and Islands is very largely increased; until every church has become a thoroughly working church, and is found making real and continued efforts for the salvation of the lost, who are ever round about her very doors; until every member of Christ's body is also a faithful labourer in Christ's vineyard, and warrior in His army, like a 'good soldier' going forth 'to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty,' and, following the Master's example, going about doing good among the tens and hundreds of thousands of 'home heathen,' seeking to snatch them as 'brands from the burning' from the grasp of the destroyer; until all these things are, as now they are not, I am prepared to maintain that there is crying need for earnestly and importunately urging the duty of giving pecuniary aid to home mission agencies, and the still more imperative duty of en-

gaging personally in some way or other in home mission work.

"Why, then, do I pass by, this afternoon, a subject so important and claims so pressing? The question is a fair one, and is easily answered. The reason is, that it appears to me impossible in a two hours' discussion, still more in a brief paper, to do justice to *two* such wide and engrossing themes as home and foreign missions, and I had far rather, as far as in me lies, do justice to one than injustice to both. But it may be further asked, admitting that a choice must be made between the two themes, why select the latter? Again my answer is ready, and it is twofold. Feeling constrained to make a selection, I have chosen to make foreign rather than home work my subject, first, because the former is more neglected than the latter; and secondly, because its claims are in general less earnestly and continuously pressed on the members and officers of our various churches.

"I crave your indulgent attention then to a few brief remarks on what I take to be the most important of all subjects that can engage the attention of Christian men and women—the subject of

"Foreign Missions.

"My endeavour will be to state facts rather than opinions, and my prayer is that God will help us to

apprehend their true and solemn significance, that we may be stirred up to yield a more perfect and practical obedience to our Lord's final commission: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'

"I. *Are Foreign Missions required?*

"It is now almost eighteen centuries and a half since that commission was given. How has it been fulfilled? What is the present condition of the 'all nations' whom Jesus commanded His followers to evangelise? May it not be fitly described in the words of the Hebrew prophet, made present instead of future—'Behold the darkness doth cover the earth, and gross darkness the people'?

"1. Of European countries,—such as Italy, where we see on the one hand blind submission to the degrading superstitious and soul-destroying doctrines of Popery, and on the other hand the theoretical infidelity and practical atheism which are the natural reaction therefrom, where words almost unspeakably blasphemous are spoken in the name of God, and deeds done professedly for His glory that are altogether too vile to be publicly recounted; or as that country to which the attention of the whole civilised world is now directed—a very land of horrors, horrors which are the natural result of

Mohammedan rule and the logical outcome of the Mohammedan creed,—I shall not attempt to speak in the limited time at our disposal this afternoon. The time would fail me likewise to tell of those famous Indian tribes of the two Americas who are rapidly and surely dying out, partly through the perfidy of white men who seem to have less faith in and regard for truth and equity than for—

> "'The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That he may take who has the power, and he may keep who can;'

and partly through their seeming inability to fall in with the resistless onward march of civilisation; or of the barbarous tribes of Africa and the Isles of the Sea, the blood-thirsty Ashantees, the warlike Kaffirs, the Australian aborigines, and the cannibals of New Guinea. Much might be said in regard to all these and many other countries and peoples—concerning their spiritual darkness and degradation, their need of the Gospel, and the utter inadequacy of the efforts that have been made to win them for Christ. But leaving them, since the majority must be passed by, let me ask you to fix your attention on the two great countries of heathendom—India and China.

"2. India, according to the latest census, taken about three years ago, contains a population of nearly 300,000,000. The whole of this vast multitude of

human beings is practically, the great majority also nominally, under the rule of Her Majesty the Queen. The supreme power was not offered to Great Britain, but was seized by force of arms, and we have thus made ourselves directly responsible for the well-being in all respects of these teeming millions. How have the Christians of England and Scotland discharged their responsibility for the *spiritual* well-being of the Hindoos ?

"The foreign Protestant missionaries in India, all told, number 600 ! of whom some are Lutherans, and many hail from the New World. 600 missionaries of the cross among 300,000,000 heathens ; one to every 500,000. Were Scotland in the same position she would have but six preachers of the Gospel within her borders, instead of the thousands who from week to week proclaim the good tidings in every city and village. It may be said that is not a fair comparison, because there are many native helpers in India who ought to be taken into account. We will take them into account. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the statistics of other Societies to tell in every case what is the exact proportion of native to European workers. But taking the figures in our own Foreign Mission Report as representing the average—which we may fairly do—we find that in all India the native helpers outnumber the European missionaries, at an outside estimate, in the proportion of 9 to 1 ;

that is to say, the 600 missionaries are assisted by 5400 natives, according to which computation the total number of Christian workers among the Hindoos and Mussulmans of our Eastern Empire is 6000, 1 to every 50,000 who are perishing for lack of knowledge. As compared with this, what is the condition of things in Scotland? To begin with, as already remarked, we have some thousands of regularly ordained ministers—pastors of churches. To aid them in, or to supplement, their work we have also labouring among us evangelists, colporteurs, town, coast, and Highland missionaries, tract distributers, district visitors, and Sunday school teachers, of whom the last-mentioned class alone probably average eight or ten to every church, which is the same as to say to every minister. And it must not be forgotten that the native helpers in India are, as a rule, far less valuable as Christian workers than those who represent them in our own land. My friends, if Scotland, instead of being so well supplied with preachers of Christ, and other labourers in His cause, were in the condition of our Indian Empire—if three-fourths of her population were idolaters, whose religious books were crammed with stories concerning their gods—altogether sickening in their obscenity, and whose religious worship included customs too dark and vile to be even named, while the other fourth were followers of Mohammed; if

throughout all her borders only six thoroughly competent ministers with fifty-four assistants could be found who were labouring to dispel the superstition and eradicate the vice of the people, and to make known to them the only true 'way of salvation,' methinks it would not require very much argument to convince us of the urgent need of a foreign mission to Scotland; nor should we be slow bitterly to reproach, and almost to execrate, any nation that, having been blessed with the Gospel light for centuries, having — if that were possible — almost a superabundance of the 'means of grace,' possessing untold stores of material wealth, and knowing our sad state, yet refrained from doing its utmost to enlighten our darkness,—especially did we know that the Founder of its religion had commanded all His followers to carry His 'good tidings' to 'every creature.'

"3. But, leaving India, let us turn our eyes to China. The population of that vast empire is variously estimated at from 390 to 410 millions. We will take the medium—400 millions—about one-fourth of the inhabitants of the earth. And here let me quote, with one or two necessary alterations, the words of a noble Chinese missionary, whose pamphlet on China it would do all here good to read. Speaking of the teeming multitudes in that land, he says, 'But how immense is this number! Four hundred

millions! What mind can grasp it? The whole population of Europe is but 270,000,000. China Proper *alone* contains nearly one half more. It has nearly twenty times 'the population of densely-peopled England,' nearly one hundred and thirty times that of Scotland. But were *all* the subjects of the Court of Pekin marshalled in single rank and file, allowing one yard between man and man, they would encircle the globe more than ten times at its equator. Were they to march past the spectator at the rate of thirty miles a day, they would move on and on, day after day, week after week, month after month, and more than twenty years would elapse before the last individual had passed by. Estimating the number of converts of all the Protestant missions in China at 10,000, which is probably much above the actual number, the whole of them would pass by in less than five hours—five hours of that more than twenty years! Mournful and impressive fact! Such is the proportion of those who are journeying heavenward, to those whose downward course can but lead to everlasting woe! Four hundred millions of souls 'having no hope and without God in the world!' . . . The number is inconceivable—the view is appalling! Among so vast a population, the number of deaths continually occurring is necessarily very great. It is stated that the daily mortality of China is 33,000! Think of it!—a mortality daily out-

numbering the whole population of Greenock—weekly exceeding the whole number of the inhabitants of Edinburgh. Think of it! A mortality which in less than three months exceeds the whole population of Scotland—which in less than two years exceeds the total number of the inhabitants of our highly-favoured England! Let the reader realise it if he can, for the thought is overwhelming. And can the Christians of England sit still with folded arms while these multitudes are perishing—perishing for lack of that knowledge which England possesses so richly, which has made England what she is, and has made us what we are?

"The missionary asks, 'Can the Christians of England sit still with folded arms while these multitudes are perishing?' God alone knows what they may do in the future; but that this has been the attitude of all but a very few in the past is only too sadly true. For what have the Christians, not of Britain alone, but of America, Britain, and the Continent, hitherto done for the evangelisation of China? The first Protestant missionary was sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1807, and during the twenty-seven years of his devoted life in that far-off land was joined by three other labourers. After 1842, however, other societies began to send their agents, and in 1860 the number of Protestant missionaries reached 115, falling off again in 1865 to

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about 91. In 1874, the latest year for which I have been able to obtain statistics, the total number of Protestant missionaries in China was 262; or, reckoning the wives of married labourers as being themselves missionaries, probably about 400, *i.e.*, one to every million of the population. One preacher of the Gospel sent to win for Christ ten hundred thousand heathen! Think of Dundee with only one Christian minister; think of Glasgow with only one. Should we think either of these places well supplied? I trow not. Rather should we feel—as we feel even now, notwithstanding the many Christian churches and the multitude of Christian workers—that in both there was an awful and crying need of missionary effort. Think of the three millions of Scotland sunk in heathen darkness, spiritually ignorant and debased in the manner and to the extent implied by that significant term, having in their midst just three messengers of salvation and no more, and you will have some idea of the unspeakably sad condition of the ancient 'land of Sinim.' But we must not forget the native helpers. In the case of the China Inland Mission, the proportion of Chinese—including pastors, evangelists, colporteurs, teachers, and Bible women—to European agents is as $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. Reckoning the proportion as 2 to 1, and regarding this as the average for all the societies that have representatives in China, the whole number of native

workers is 800, which, being added to the 400 Europeans, makes a grand total of 1200 labourers. Were Scotland no better off, there would be but two Christian workers in Glasgow, one in Edinburgh and Leith, and half-a-dozen scattered over the rest of Scotland. Of the nine there would be three regularly trained preachers, 2 evangelists, 1 pastor, 1 colporteur, 1 Sunday-school teacher, and 1 Bible woman. How awful should we consider the state of our beloved country!

"Just one more fact concerning China, and then I pass on to other matters. Of the eighteen provinces into which China Proper is divided, nine, having an aggregate population of 150 millions—fifty times the population of Scotland—are without any resident missionary! A few missionary journeys, the longest not exceeding three or four months in duration, have been made in them, chiefly by agents of the China Inland Mission, and that is all,—positively all that has been done by the Christians of Britain and America for the salvation of these perishing multitudes of their fellow-men, of whom thousands daily pass into eternity, and of whom *all* are referred to in that terribly-neglected command of our Lord, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature!' Dear brethren and sisters, have I not said enough to show the import-

ance—yea, the tremendous and pressing need—of Foreign Missions?

"II. *Do Christians in general realise the need?*

"Bear with me if I express my deliberately-formed conviction that the great majority of Christian men and women utterly fail to realise the need.

"Many will say, perhaps, that this is an uncharitable and altogether too sweeping assertion. I respectfully submit that it is neither the one nor the other. That it is not too sweeping I shall endeavour to prove immediately. If successful, I think I may fairly claim that it is the reverse of uncharitable. That they are verily guilty who fail to realise the immense necessity and importance of foreign missionary efforts I have no wish to deny; were they innocent, my mouth would be shut. But their souls would be stained with guilt of a far deeper dye did they realise the need and yet look on in cold blood while the nations perished. Guilt so dark and loathsome I dare not lay to the charge of any of my fellow-Christians; but just on that very account is the conviction forced upon me which I have already expressed. Suffer me to give some instances of the evidences on which that conviction is based. They will mostly be connected with our own denomination, not because it is more blameworthy than the

rest—for I believe it comes behind none, and is ahead of most in respect to missionary spirit, but because with it I am best acquainted and we are all most concerned.

"1. The evidence I adduce is pecuniary—afforded by a study of men's contributions in aid of foreign missions. Every year some hundreds of thousands of pounds are raised by the Baptist churches in England and Scotland for home purposes. Of this sum a large portion of course is expended in the support of pastors, evangelists, town missionaries, and other agents and officers of churches, and of the many institutions and societies we support which have for their object the spiritual and temporal well-being of our countrymen. Another very large portion is swallowed up in new chapels, schoolrooms, halls, &c., or extensions and improvements of those that are old. The comparatively unimportant remainder is spent in various ways, some satisfactory, some the reverse. This is what we do for home. Compare with it what we do for the lands that are in darkness and the shadow of death. We have two Societies, the Foreign Mission and the Bible Translation. The annual income of the former is about £40,000; the united income of both does not reach £50,000; but taking it at that figure, is the comparison satisfactory? According to the last Report of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland,

it may be confidently assumed that not less than £600,000 to £700,000 must be annually raised by Baptists for denominational purposes alone.' The same Report states that in 1875–76 the total amount raised for foreign missions by Particular and General Baptists combined, was £62,000, or only about $\frac{1}{11}$th of the whole. That is to say in that year we spent £1 to send the Gospel to every 20,000 of the 1,200,000,000 of the world's unevangelised population; and the same sum on every 50 of highly-favoured Britain, where the 'true light' has so long shone, where there are hundreds of thousands of Christian people, where the means of grace are spread far and wide, and multiplied to an ungaugable extent. I do not say we should spend less for home objects, albeit we do sometimes waste money on our church edifices; but I confidently ask, Is it satisfactory, is it right, can it be well pleasing to the Master, that the amount expended for foreign missions should be so small a proportion of the whole?

"Take another fact. At the close of its last financial year the Foreign Missionary Society was found to be in debt to the Treasurer to the amount of nearly £4500. In order to make up the deficiency and to obviate the necessity of retrenchment in the operations of the Society, the officers determined to make a vigorous effort to increase the permanent income by £10,000 during the ensuing twelve

months, and made an earnest appeal to the churches to that effect. The appeal was made in May 1876. In February of this year the Secretaries stated that they were 'thankful to report' that the receipts for general purposes during the nine months ending December last were in excess of those for the same period the previous year by £2454, that is about a quarter of the sum so earnestly asked, and rather more than half the amount absolutely required to clear off the standing deficiency. Is this satisfactory? Is it honouring to us? I do not for a moment forget that the past year has been one of extraordinary dulness of trade; and that during its course many special appeals have been made to our churches—notably an appeal to our English brethren for £50,000. Nevertheless I affirm, and without fear of contradiction, that there is wealth enough in the denomination—yea, in the coffers of individual men, even after complying with all these appeals, not only to pay off the debt with ease, but also to raise the remainder of the £10,000. Why then has it not been done? Why is the Society to be compelled apparently to cut down expenditure by curtailing operations, and thus 'giving place to the devil' in districts from which they have well-nigh driven him out? If it be not for a more shameful reason, it must be for this, that the majority of British Bap-

tists have sadly and utterly failed to realise the need of foreign missions.

"I have heard it said concerning a church, which I need not name, that its members did all they ought and all they could for foreign missions. In less than twelve months that very church found out that it was able to treble its contributions to that object, and at the same time to raise more than it had ever done before for other purposes. Individuals whose eyes have been opened in a similar manner, and others whose eyes are still closed, and their hearts and pockets also, have told me the same story in regard to themselves. One brother once went the length of informing me that he sometimes *gave more than he ought!* Of course I ought to have been proud of the acquaintance of one who surpassed in generosity even the widow who cast the two mites into the treasury, but I wasn't. I knew too much. I knew that this good brother had no lack of money, and that he was one of the wealthiest members of the church with which he was connected. I knew, too, that he gave to the Baptist Missionary Society in no way save in the semi-annual collection, and that without any difficulty he could have given the whole amount of that collection—to which more liberal men than himself contributed — out of his own pocket. I know this is an extreme case, and I am

thankful that it is so; but I could mention not a few as bad, some even worse. Nor is my experience by any means exceptional. One of the missionary brethren who is here to-day can give similar testimony; nor would it be difficult to cite witnesses enough to occupy the whole of this afternoon with the mere statement of instances of the same kind. And who that has ever pleaded the claims of the heathen has not been struck with the readiness and ease with which people excuse themselves from giving the aid that is sought. One man who is known to be well off, and lives in the best style, pleads that business has been so bad, he really would not feel justified in giving the guinea or half-guinea you seek; perhaps he will subscribe next year, and lo! a few days after, the same friend is showing you a picture or an ornament which he has got cheap—'only three or four pounds.' Of course he didn't need to wait for *that* till 'next year.' Another friend, who lives more humbly, but is by no means pinched, and can take a pleasure trip whenever he feels inclined, and smoke a good lump of tobacco weekly, when asked to contribute, says, 'No, no, it takes all the little I get to provide for my family. You must go to some of those rich folks that have nothing to do with their money.'

"Brethren, what do these things mean? Are they not conclusive evidence that Christians in general

do not realise the immense importance of practical obedience to the command, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature'?

"2. But there is other evidence of an entirely different character, fully as abundant and even more striking, to which I must refer. I know not of any suitable general term by which to designate it, but it may be divided into the evidence of silence, and the evidence of speech.

"Doubtless you will all concur in the statement that there is no more certain means of ascertaining the sentiments of men in regard to a subject, like that which is now occupying our thoughts, than to take note of their words concerning it—not public words, but those spoken in ordinary conversation. In what manner, then, as a rule, do Christian men and women express themselves concerning foreign missions? Is their language such as we should expect to hear from men full of zeal for the extension of Christ's kingdom, and of longing for the salvation of earth's perishing millions? In regard to a few an affirmative reply can be given, but in regard to the large majority we must sorrowfully answer, No. Of that majority a considerable proportion, *perhaps* the greater part, do, no doubt, always speak approvingly of missions to the heathen; but their tones are cold as Siberian snows, their words lifeless as stones—mere formal words, of course. They listen

politely to the earnest advocate of missionary effort, and agree with all he says, but in a manner that chills him like a wet blanket, and makes him feel that if the heathen had to wait for the 'good news' until *they* sent it, they would all perish for ever. There are others who, if challenged, most vehemently affirm that they take a deep interest in, and highly approve of, foreign missions, who yet—strange to say—are never heard to speak a word in their favour. Instead, being generally men of unusual sagacity and prudence, they mount the critic's chair, and discourse with authority, and not a little heat also if any one ventures to differ with them, on the manner in which missionaries should do their work, the perfection which should characterise native converts, and other kindred and congenial themes. Sometimes it is the subject of finance on which they wax eloquent; either the 'missionaries are far too well paid,' or the officers of the various societies are outrageously extravagant in regard to home expenditure —carelessly squandering the contributions which they and others, equally virtuous, have 'strained every nerve' to give. At other times it is the low ability of the missionaries that calls forth their indignation—'I think we send out the dregs of our theological students,' said a man once, after first showing by his foolish talk that he knew absolutely nothing about mission workers or mission work; and he is

but a specimen of many. There is yet another class who use language of undisguised dislike and opposition, 'not a bawbee of theirs shall go to the heathen;' they 'wouldn't give a pipe-light for missions,' and for a very good reason, 'missionaries are most of them a bad lot, and do more harm than good.' So they speak for themselves, and if others give liberally to the missionary, they angrily pronounce it a 'senseless thing to send all that money away when it might be so much better expended at home.' Brethren, I am stating facts!

"The evidence of silence is hardly less conclusive, though necessarily less noticeable, than that of speech. Are there not thousands of sincere Christians who never utter a word or ask a question concerning missionaries and their work, save when the subject is forced upon them by the annual mission services, or in some other way, and often not even then? Is it not significant that notwithstanding the multitude of church meetings and church soirees that are held, the question seldom comes up in them, and is still more seldom brought prominently forward—How may we do more for the evangelisation of the heathen? And is it not still more significant that a body like the Baptist Union of Scotland, a confederation of churches, every one of which acknowledges as its rule of duty the command, 'Go ye, and make disciples of *all nations*, baptizing them into the

name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you,' should, at some of its annual thanksgiving and conference meetings, altogether ignore the subject of foreign missions; and at others admit it as a sort of extra, instead of regarding the consideration of the great object of the Church's existence as a part of its regular, and in regard to this particular, unalterable programme.

"What is the meaning of all these things? of such language as I have referred to, and of such silence? Surely they have a meaning. Surely they show something; and, verily, whatever it may be, that something is not that Christians in general and Baptists in particular take all the interest they ought in the condition of the nations who 'sit in darkness,' and in the efforts that are made to carry to them the 'light of life.'

"Nay, rather, have I not said enough, and more than enough, to free from the charge of being uncharitable and too sweeping, the assertion that the great majority of Christian men and women altogether fail to realise the awful and pressing need of foreign Missions?"

In January 1877 he made his application to the Baptist Missionary Society in the following letter:—

"*To the Secretaries of the Baptist Missionary Society.*

"DEAR BRETHREN,—I desire, through you, to offer my services to the committee for employment in mission work in *Italy*.

"1. Knowing the unsatisfactory condition of the Society's funds, and that the committee were anxious for volunteers for India rather than other fields, I have delayed my application until now, although fully prepared to make it more than six months ago I feel, however, that it would be unwise to wait any longer, believing that the younger a man is the easier will he find it, not only to learn the language of the people to whom he is sent, but also to accustom himself to their habits, enter into their modes of thought, and so on—in a word, become entirely *one of them*, which, I think, must be a very great help to a missionary, almost an essential to his success.

"2. As you are aware, I am married. Hence this application is double—but double, I rejoice to say, not simply in the sense that the committee is asked to send out two people, but in the better sense also, that the application is from both. My wife is not only willing to go with me, she longs to go herself. She believes that the call of the Master to carry the 'good tidings' to the Italians is addressed to her individually as distinctly as to me, or as to her *through*

me. Hence, if our application be entertained, she will go out not alone as a missionary's wife, but also as a missionary.

"3. In respect to special preparation for work in Italy, we have not been able hitherto to do as much as we wish. It is not easy to do extra work when seeking conscientiously to discharge all ministerial duties. We have, however, been for some time studying the Italian language, and re-studying the history of the people. I have also obtained two or three text-books of the Romish controversy, at which I expect soon to set to work.

"4. I suppose one question with the committee will be, When will you be willing to go? I answer, not before May, but as soon after that as possible. My own idea is that it would be well for us to go out early in June, and meet Mr. Wall and my brother at Leghorn. There we could be increasing our acquaintance with the Italian mission and its manner of working, and with the language and people; and thus be in a measure prepared for regular missionary work on our arrival in Rome—or any other locality in which our services might be required—in the autumn. We are both anxious to start as soon after May as the committee are willing to send us.

"5. Our reasons for believing that it is the Lord's will that we should labour in Italy, rather than any

other mission field, I have already stated in a private letter to Mr. Baynes, and therefore need not repeat them here.

"Any other and fuller information the committee may desire I shall be glad to furnish at once.

"It is our earnest hope that the committee will accept of our offer of service. On one (the essential) point our minds are fully made up, that God has called us to Italy, and that therefore, by whatever means, to Italy we must go; and it would be a very sore disappointment to us were we compelled to go otherwise than in connection with the Society for which we have worked, and fought, and suffered reproach at home.

"I know that other mission fields, and especially India, are crying out for more labourers; and that from the time William Carey and John Thomas first went down into the deep pit, Bengal has ever been considered the special field of the Society's operations. I know, too, that the committee are looking anxiously for applicants for employment there. I would willingly be one of those applicants. For years it was a cherished dream of mine that I would one day preach Christ to the Mohammedan and the Hindoo; but my eyes have been opened, and I know that it was only a dream. Nevertheless it was a dream I found it hard to give up. I would that God had directed my steps to India; but He has not

done so. I hear Him say, 'Go to Italy, and preach the Gospel there;' and who am I, that I should withstand God?

"Surely the committee will not decline to send men to Italy because they need men for India.

"I am sorrowfully aware that the state of the Society's finances is such that to extend operations or to increase the number of labourers is just now no easy or simple matter. But perhaps the coming forward of volunteers will help to loosen the purse-strings of the churches. At any rate, I believe the churches are waking up, and that the income of the Society will soon be, and continue, larger than ever before.

"I now leave our application in your hands, and trust you will do all in your power to induce the committee to entertain it.—Faithfully yours,

"JOHN LANDELS."

"KIRKCALDY, *January* 11, 1877."

CHAPTER VI.

MISSIONARY LIFE.

HIS application was favourably received. He was accepted as a missionary, and left England for Italy on the 15th of June 1877. His first destination was Ardenza, a watering place in the neighbourhood of Livorno, where his brother had gone to spend two or three of the summer months away from the heat of Rome, and to profit by the tempering sea-breezes of the coast. His first object, of course, was to acquire the language which could be done as well there as in any other part of Italy, especially as he would have the advantage of his brother's assistance. In addition to this, however, he began at once to interest himself in the religious condition of the country, and to take such part as he could in Christian work in the neighbouring city of Livorno, where a station had been recently opened by Signor Baratti, one of our evangelists. In September he thus wrote—"The present Liberal Government is aiming a rather

heavy blow, which I sincerely hope may fall, against the influence and authority of the Holy See. It proposes to bring in a law decreeing the popular election of the parish priests, their independence of the bishops, and the independence of these, in their turn, of the Pope. One startling result of the passing of such a measure would manifestly be this, that ere long the ungrateful, sceptical, rebellious Romans would have the power to choose their own Pope! So is it to be wondered at, that the injured and insulted successor of St. Peter feels strongly tempted to yield to the council of the cardinals, who urge him, if this law should be voted by the Parliament, to launch on the devoted heads of the members of the Cabinet, 'the greatest nominal excommunication'? Alas! for him that his excommunication is now only nominal! that his thunder is no more accompanied by the more deadly lightning! Poor 'Giant Pope!' he sits in his cave, just as when Christian and Hopeful saw him as they journeyed to the Celestial City, but is even more helpless now than then.

"Leaving Pio Nono, let me refer to matters that more nearly concern ourselves. For the six weeks of our stay here the audience at the Sala Christiana averaged about twenty in the morning, and twenty-five in the evening. We determined to make an

effort to improve the state of affairs, and the effort has been crowned with very gratifying success. As a first step, we thought we would try to improve the singing, which, owing to the combined facts that nine-tenths of each congregation are men, and that they have none to lead them, was simply execrable. Accordingly we enlisted the sympathies of a German lady and two Edinburgh ladies who are staying here—the former undertaking to play, and the latter to sing, and then hired a harmonium, for which we pay £1 per month. I need hardly say that, even in the short time, the singing has greatly improved. The next thing was the choice of attractive subjects for the evening service, and the advertising of each subject with the name of the preacher by means of bold type bills. The result of these experiments has been that the attendance at the evening meeting has been tripled, the hall being comfortably filled every Sunday night for four weeks, with an audience of from sixty-five to seventy persons."

About the same time he wrote the following account of an Italian funeral, and of Signor Baratti's work:—"A few weeks ago my brother received a note from Signor Baratti, inviting us to the funeral of one of the members of the church who had died that morning. At 5.45 A.M., the next day we set

out on our walk to Livorno, finding the sun's rays as powerful even then as they are at many a summer noon in England. We reached our destination at half-past six, the hour at which the funeral procession was to start. Signor Baratti arrived soon after us, and a short service was held at the house.

. . . . . .

"Just before we started Signor Baratti placed a Bible above the coffin; an act that struck us as peculiarly appropriate, for as the Volume lay there, it seemed like a silent witness to all around of the fact that she whose mortal remains were beneath had died in possession of a faith founded on the Word of God alone, and in nothing dependent on that human tradition that, among Roman Catholics as among Jews, has so often made the commandments of God of none effect!

"As is the custom in Scotland the mourners followed the hearse on foot. There were about thirty in all, including most of the members of the little church, and a few sympathisers connected with other evangelical communities. About a mile and a half's walking, partly through the town and partly over very dusty country roads, brought us to the Protestant cemetery. The coffin was now placed on a kind of barrow or trestle, carried a little way into the enclosure, and then uncovered, the hot rays of the sun falling full on the corpse. On the lid, which

was very plain, were painted in large rough letters the following words:—

ASSUNTA PANZI,
CRISTIANA SALVATA
PER LA FEDE
IN CRISTO GESU,
VISSE NEL MONDO
CIRCA ANNI 56;
ORA VIVA
LA VITA ETERNA.'

"That is, 'Assunta Panzi; a Christian saved by faith in Christ. She lived in the world about fifty-six years; she now lives the life eternal.'

"The coffin having been opened, Signor Baratti, kneeling at the head, engaged in prayer; after which Lorenzo Panzi, the husband of the departed, approached, and, taking the hand of the corpse, spoke a few words with considerable emotion, apparently bidding his wife farewell.

"This, to our minds rather heathenish proceeding, being over, the burial service commenced. After an Italian version of

'Safe in the arms of Jesus'

had been sung, Signor Baratti read some appropriate passages of Scripture, and then asked the evangelist who had accompanied the procession to say a few words.

"He complied, speaking briefly and earnestly, but with a good deal of hesitation. I was struck with his lack of fluency, a very uncommon want in an

Italian. Signor Baratti then gave a short address, in which he contrasted the death of the Christian with that of other men. He spoke with all his customary readiness, but, as was fitting, with less vehemence and gesticulation than usual. At the close of his remarks another hymn was sung, beginning—

> 'Glory in the highest heavens,
> Osanna to the living God!'

My brother offered a short prayer, and the service was over. The corpse was left, just as it was, to be interred by the sexton at his convenience. The mourners returned to the city, and the few onlookers who had gathered round dispersed.

"During the whole time of the service, which must have occupied about half an hour, all who were in the cemetery stood with their hats of. One or two of the men put up large sunshades, but to keep on one's hat was evidently regarded as highly improper, and altogether inexcusable. A boy who, either through carelessness or forgetfulness, neglected to comply with the requirement, was summarily punished by having his hat roughly snatched from his head and hurled into the trees by an indignant mourner.

"I have somewhere read or heard the remark that the character of a man's religion is often shown by the character of the hymns in which he takes delight. If it be so, and if the rule applies in the case of the

converts connected with our Italian mission, their religion is characterised by simplicity and by *fulness of Christ.* In proof of this, I append a literal translation of the second hymn sung at the funeral. It is No. 5 in the little book in use in all our mission churches, entitled 'Hymns for the Use of the Christian Apostolic Church of Italy,' and is a fair specimen of the whole.

I.

'Glory in the highest heavens,
Osanna to the living God,
To the Mighty, the Omnipotent,
Of the world Conqueror!
Osanna to the eternal Word
Who gave us grace and faith:
He alone has life who believes
In the name of the Lord.

II.

In this sea of tears
He is the ark of safety,
He is rock and He is fortress,
Refuge for the sinner.
He obtained for us
Over the world the victory:
Let us sing, let us sing glory,
To the name of the Lord.'

"Since the foregoing account was written, Signor Baratti has made two evangelistic journeys, during the course of which he sold or otherwise disposed of no less than 280 Testaments. I do not know any

particulars of the second journey, which was taken last week in the direction of Pisa and Florence; but in regard to the first, Signor Baratti has given me some items of information which, I am sure, will be of interest to all friends of our Italian mission.

"He was absent from home five days, from the Monday afternoon till the Saturday; and during that time visited two small towns, in which he held eight religious meetings. The first place visited was a village called Colle Salvetti, about eight miles inland from Livorno, a junction on the railway between Pisa and Rome. He tells me that on the occasion of this visit the Gospel in its simplicity was preached there for the first time.

"From Colle Salvetti Signor Baratti went on to Rosignano, a small town among the hills on the coast, about fifteen miles south of Livorno. Here he was allowed to enter the military camp, and preached in the open air to a congregation of about a hundred soldiers. He had also the gratification of holding a meeting among the officers. About twenty were present, including major, captains, and lieutenants. The meeting was held in the tent of the bandmaster, who himself invited his brother officers to come and hear the New Testament explained, and who is anxious to confess his faith in Christ by being immersed into His name. His wife also is favourably disposed towards Christianity, and there are

other three recent converts (not soldiers) in Rosignano awaiting baptism.

"Thus does the simple but 'glorious Gospel of the blessed God' from time to time win fresh victories in Tuscany, as it must everywhere do when faithfully preached. To the loving Father of all mankind, its gracious Author, be all the praise!"

John was passionately fond of children, and never more at home than when addressing them. His sympathy with them enabled him to understand their feelings and their tastes, and to write or speak to them in a manner which not only secured their attention, but made his meaning plain almost to the youngest. Especially was he desirous of interesting them in the great work of missions. And it was therefore natural that when he entered on the mission field, he should send regular accounts of what he saw to the members of the Sabbath school connected with the scene of his former labours. This practice he maintained to the last; and among the papers he left was found a letter containing an account of the city of Genoa, which, although completed, had not, owing to his illness and death, been sent to the periodical in which they usually appeared. The two he wrote at Ardenza contain all that need to be said of his brief sojourn there.

LIVORNO AND ARDENZA.

"When I left Scotland to become a missionary to the Italians, I made a promise to the Sunday scholars of the church of which I was the minister that every month I would send them a letter about Italy. I have since thought that it would be nice to write to other Sunday scholars also, and have therefore made arrangements with the editor of the *Herald* to send letters to it addressed to the girls and boys who read it, and who, I hope, are friends of missions.

"I left my home in Fife a few months ago with my wife and brother, and came to Ardenza, a village near to the seaport of Leghorn. About these two places I shall speak in this letter.

"First—about Leghorn. The Italians call it by a much prettier name,—Livorno, which I shall always use. It is a large city with about a hundred thousand inhabitants. It is built on the west coast of Italy, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. There are always a great many ships in the harbour from all parts of the world, among them some very large steamers. You could count more than a hundred masts in a short time. We often see ships with English names, and with the Union Jack flying.

"The houses in Livorno are built either of stone, or of a kind of brick which is as hard as stone, and lasts even longer. Like houses in Scotland they have

very thick walls, sometimes a yard or more in thickness. Most of them are very large, being five or six, or even seven storeys high. The windows have green Venetian shutters, which open and close like double doors. When they are shut they give the houses a very strange appearance. In Italy the walls and ceilings of the rooms are not papered and whitewashed as in England, but painted sometimes—especially the ceilings—very beautifully. Now and then the outside walls also are painted. In Ardenza there is a house the whole side of which is quite covered with one large picture. In one part of the picture is a double-arched window with a lady looking out; in another part a pigeon-house with pigeons flying round. The painting is so well done that everything looks quite real. If it were not that they keep always in one place it would be difficult to believe that the pigeons are not alive.

"Most of the streets in Livorno are very narrow. Even the streets where most of the shops are, the Via Vittoria Emmanuele, as it is called, would be thought narrow in an English town. Many of the streets are very dirty and badly smelling. They are all lively. The Via Grande (another name of the business street) is generally quite crowded with people, especially on Sunday evenings; and even the smaller and less important streets look all alive. Many passengers go to and fro, and the people, find-

ing the inside of their houses too warm in this weather, sit at the doors, and even do their work there. Coopers may be seen putting hoops on big barrels, masons chiselling blocks of stone, carpenters at work with saw and plane, and so on—all in the open air. There are two good things about the streets—the houses being so high, they are shady, and therefore coolish even in this hot air; and they are beautifully paved with smooth, well-laid stones, about a yard long and half a yard wide, over which the carriage wheels run very smoothly and easily.

"About two miles to the south of Livorno, on the coast, is Ardenza, the place where we are living. It is only a small village, but has some very large houses. Some of these are gentlemen's houses; others are let out in lodgings. We live in one of the biggest houses I ever saw. It is really about fifteen dwellings under one roof. We have only a small flat in one part—small compared with other flats in the building, I mean, for our rooms are really large, about 24 feet long and nearly 20 feet wide. We do not have wooden floors, but the rooms are all paved with large red tiles, and there are no fireplaces except in the kitchen. The house has a curious name, or rather description, which sounds very grand, though its meaning is nothing very particular. In England it would perhaps be called 'No. 1 Sea View

Crescent, top flat.' Here it is called, 'Palazzo Centrale dei Casini, Mezzanino al Sinistra.'

"From our windows we look far across the Mediterranean Sea. It is very beautiful. Early in the morning it is quite smooth, like a lake. During the day a breeze gets up that ripples its surface, and makes it sparkle in the sunshine. It is the bluest sea I ever saw. Right opposite is a small island called Gorgona. Owing to the clearness of the air it appears to be only about four miles away, but in reality it is twenty-four. Farther south, about one hundred miles distant, in very clear weather we see part of the large island of Corsica, where Napoleon Bonaparte, the first Emperor of France, was born; and farther south still, about sixty miles from Ardenza, the island of Elba, where he was once imprisoned.

Behind our house, which is close to the sea, is the village; and behind the village some beautiful high hills, which to the south of Ardenza take a turn towards the sea. On their slopes at this point is another village called Montenero, in which there is a monastery, or dwelling of the monks. On the shore, at the foot of the hills, about a mile and a half from Ardenza, is a third village, the smallest of the lot, called Antignano. The visitors to Ardenza sometimes go there to pic-nic in the olive groves.

"Between us and Livorno is a long road, very fine and smooth to walk on, but very sunny and hot. On each side there is a row of stumpy evergreen trees, with feathery leaves, called tamarisks; but they are too small and not close enough together to give much shade. A narrow strip of land between the road and the sea has been turned into pleasant public gardens. In these gardens are many trees like those planted by the roadside, and a great many other evergreen trees and bushes of various kinds. Near to Livorno there are also among them large and carefully-kept plots of splendid flowers. The most beautiful of the evergreens are large shrubs, some of them ten or twelve feet high, called oleanders, which are covered from June to September with crowds of large red blossoms, so like roses that they are sometimes called laurel roses.

"The sea at Ardenza is always beautifully clear and warm, and generally smooth; and hence a great many visitors come in the summer for the sake of the bathing. I must try to tell you what the baths are like. You must suppose,—not boys only, but girls as well, for all bathe together, wearing dresses made on purpose,—you must suppose you are going to have a bath with me. We go down to the shore, and there we see a narrow bridge stretching out over the water for about 50 feet. We cross this bridge, and at the other end come on to a stone pier about 60 feet

wide, that stretches nearly 150 feet farther. On the left-hand side, just as we begin to walk on the pier, is a little house where, if we like, we can buy cakes and lemonade. Right in front is a huge round tower, as broad as it is high, that almost fills up from side to side of the pier. There is an outside stair to the top, from which we get a splendid view. The inside is a very large circular room, with four pillars in the centre to hold up the roof, and cushioned seats and windows all round. Having walked straight through the tower, we go on half way to the end of the pier, and then turn to the left along a narrow bridge, which runs straight on for about 60 feet, and then takes a sharp turn to the right for the same distance. On each side of this bridge we see a row of little huts, with wooden doors and framework, but instead of walls canvas curtains which hang down to the water all round. Each of these huts is called a baracca, and is meant for the bathers to undress and dress in. About a third of the space inside is taken up with a platform the same height as the bridge; all the rest is water. We tell the attendant, the bagnaiuolo as he is called, to put towels into as many baracche as we need. Then in we go, off with our clothes, on with our bathing dresses, and down the steps into the cool water, those of us who are able diving under the curtain and swimming out to sea.

"What would you say if every time you took a walk just outside the town, or in some of the side streets of the village you live in, you saw a great many lizards running on the road, the footpaths, and even the walls of the houses? Would you not be astonished? Yet, if we were to take a walk after our bath, that is just what we should see in Ardenza. Some of the lizards are small and dingy; others are seven or eight inches long, and of a bright green colour. There are a great many of both sorts; once in a walk of two miles we counted nearly 120. A lizard of another kind, called the geĉko, that can run like a fly on walls and ceilings, hid itself one day in the kitchen cupboard, and gave my wife a fright when she opened the door. I tried to catch it, but it was too nimble for me.

"I daresay most of you have heard of mosquitoes. In Italy they are called zanzare. They are little dark-coloured gnats that hum fiercely, and bite more fiercely still. Instead of a proper mouth the zanzara has a long sharp snout, hollow like a tube, which it sticks into people's hands and faces, and through which it sucks their blood, making big red lumps that itch and burn most horribly. Sometimes the little torturers suck so much blood that they swell to double their usual size. There are so many of them in this part of Italy, that close-fitting muslin curtains, called zanzariere, have to be drawn round

people's beds to keep them from being smothered with bites, and kept awake all night.

"I think you will all now have a pretty good notion of the sort of place we have been living in for the last three months. I have a great deal to tell you about the people of Livorno and Ardenza, and about the missionary work we are doing here; but I must leave all that for my next letter, lest I weary you by writing too much at a time.

"JOHN LANDELS."

LIVORNO AND ARDENZA.

"In my former letter I spoke only of the streets and houses, the gardens and sea-baths, and such like things of Livorno and Ardenza. I wish now to tell you something about the people, and also about the missionary work we are trying to do among them.

"We like the people very much. They are less like foreigners, and more like our own countrymen than either the Germans or the French. They are very polite; more so than most English people. They are also clever, cheerful, lively, and good-tempered. But though generally in a good temper, they are passionate, and when in a passion are careless what they do. When angry, they think nothing of stabbing one another, and every year many murders are committed in this way. I will give you one proof of how hot-

tempered they are. I suppose most of you know what 'fighting a duel' means. Two men quarrel about something, and cannot be satisfied until, like schoolboys, they have 'fought it out.' Unlike schoolboys, however, they do not pummel one another with their fists, but fight with pistols or swords, and the fight is called a 'duel.' Duels used often to take place in England, but are now forbidden by law. A great many are still fought in Germany and France and other countries of the Continent. In Italy they are very numerous, but do not often end in the death of one of the fighters. They are generally fought with swords, and stop as soon as the first wound is given, I believe. No less than four were arranged while we were in Ardenza, but three of them, I know, happily did not take place. About the fourth I am not sure. I will tell you how it came about. A gentleman unintentionally insulted a lady. He went afterwards to her husband to apologise. But the husband flew into a passion, and saying, "I don't want any apology, I want to slap your face," boxed his ears. The gentleman returned the compliment, and a slapping match took place. After a while they got tired of this silly behaviour, and agreed to fight a duel. Did you ever hear anything more foolish?—two grown men acting like a couple of babies!

"We were greatly struck by the way in which the

people dress. They are not at all particular. The labourers and shopkeepers, except in the best shops, in Livorno went about always in their shirt sleeves, and, as often as not, without even a waistcoat. In Ardenza, during the three months we stayed there, we seldom saw a man with a coat on, except the drivers of the carriages and the gentlemen who came to the baths. The porter belonging to our house once or twice put on his coat, and he looked so strange we hardly knew him. Of course it is only in the hot summer weather that the people go about in this style. Some of them seem to feel the heat very much. Once when my brother and I called on a man we knew, we found him sitting in shirt, drawers and stockings, playing a harmonium. Bakers' men dress even less carefully when they are at work, but they are not at all ashamed on that account of showing themselves in public. In one of the streets of Livorno, where there were many people walking about, I have two or three times seen a man leaning against the door-post of a baker's shop, stark naked, except that he had a piece of cloth rolled round his waist! Most of the children, and many men and women go barefoot. We seldom saw a bonnet all the time we were in Ardenza. The poorer women all wore coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, or round straw hats more than a foot wide in the brim—about the size altogether of a large round

tea-tray. The better-off women usually wore veils, ornamented in various ways.

"There are swarms of beggars everywhere in Italy. They are plentiful in Livorno and Ardenza. Numbers used to pass our house every morning; happily our rooms were so high up that they could not bother us much, but the people on the ground flat were well pestered. At the house next door to us, Mrs. Landels counted no less than twenty, one morning. Fortunately there are some very small coins in use in Italy, and occasionally a beggar is satisfied with one of them. If every one of the twenty beggars had received one of these two-centesimi pieces, rather less than fourpence of our English money would have been distributed among them. Sometimes three or four beggars used to come round me when I was buying fruit, but I very seldom gave them anything. When I did I received a most gushing blessing, when I refused I was cursed with a terrific curse.

"I have said that the Italians are very polite; and so they are. When a foreigner tries to speak to any of them on the street or in a shop—wanting to know the way to some place, or the price of some article, perhaps—they never laugh at his mistakes, but take the greatest pains to understand him and to help him to speak. I went one day into a shop in Livorno to ask where the English bank was. I had never seen the shopkeeper before, but he very kindly came

into the street with me and carefully pointed out the place, then lifted his hat as politely and shook hands as warmly as if I had been his oldest and dearest friend. In Italy, men as well as women show their politeness and affection by kissing. It is curious to see tall men with fierce moustaches, when they meet on the street or in the *café*, kiss one another vigorously on both cheeks. I am becoming quite accustomed to being saluted in this way.

"It is time I stopped speaking of the people, and told you something about the missionary work that is being done in Livorno. The evangelist who is employed there in connection with our mission is a native of Italy. Like most Italian names, his sounds very grand—Signor Guiseppe Baratti. *Signor* means *Mr.*, and *Guiseppe* is the Italian for *Joseph.* He is very kind and pleasant, and also very active and earnest in working for the Lord Jesus. He preaches twice every Sunday, and in the winter on the Wednesday evening as well. During the week he goes about the town selling Testaments, distributing tracts, visiting the people in their homes, and talking to them about the Saviour. In the summer season he often takes journeys between Sundays to towns and villages—ten, twenty, or even thirty miles away. He always takes with him a great bagful of Testaments—perhaps a hundred or one hundred and fifty —and generally sells them all before coming back.

"There are many soldiers in Livorno and in all Italian towns. Signor Baratti has been working among them. Last winter he held special meetings for them. Only five came to the first meeting, but there were more at the next, and at last he had the room quite full. Last August he went for a few days to a village called Rosignano, where there is a large military camp. He was allowed to go into the camp and to preach both to the officers and the soldiers, and his heart was made very glad when he found that some of them had learned to love the Saviour.

"The room in which all the meetings are held in Leghorn is in Signor Baratti's house. It is a nice hall, large enough to hold comfortably about one hundred and twenty people. At one end is the low, wooden platform on which the preacher stands; it is covered with a carpet, and has on it a table and chair. The floor of the room is of red tiles—flat, of course, and very large. There are no pews, but plain, wicker-bottomed chairs. There is no gas either, but the hall is lighted at night with petroleum lamps. Altogether, I expect you would think it rather a queer sort of place to be used as a chapel; but I can tell you we are very glad to have it, for it is not easy to get good halls in Italy.

"Before the morning service Signor Baratti has a Sunday-school in the hall. Not many children

come; in the winter I believe about twenty, in the summer only eight or ten. The reason there are so few, some of you know—that is, if you read a letter of my brother's that was printed in the *Herald* about six months ago. He told you in that letter that in Italy the mothers keep their children from coming to the school because they are terrified by the priests, who tell them, 'If you send your children to the Protestant schools, you will go to hell, and so will they.' Are not the priests wicked men?

"I will finish this letter by telling you something that happened to my brother. About two months ago he and Signor Baratti went to a beautiful town called Lucca, to sell Testaments. They went together the first two days, and sold a great many. The third day they decided to go in different directions. They had not long parted when two policemen told my brother he was "wanted," and straightway took him before the magistrate. The magistrate looked very fierce and spoke very fiercely, but as my brother had not broken the law, he could do nothing to him. When he found that my brother knew this and was not at all frightened by all his bluster, he became suddenly very polite, and said he had arrested him just to save him from the violence of the people. The people had never been excited, and had willingly bought the Testaments; so that was an untruth—but Papists don't mind telling untruths. My brother

pressed him to accept the present of a Testament, but without success. At last, after shaking hands with the old fellow no less than four times, he was allowed to go, and was not again troubled.

"JOHN LANDELS."

CHAPTER VII.

ROME.

IN September he left Livorno for Rome, where he laboured three months in connection with Mr. Wall, still continuing, of course, his diligent study of the language. Although unable to do direct mission work among the Italians, there were many things connected with the Mission in which he could render help; and for this he was always ready. In the prosperity of Mr. Wall's work he took the deepest interest; and greatly admired his zeal and devotedness. Mrs. Wall's work, too, among the beggars at the Trastevere had his hearty sympathy, carried on as it was, at a cost of self-sacrifice of which but few are capable. And whatever he could do to lighten the labours of either was cheerfully done. There was much to occupy his thoughts in such a city; but beyond all subjects of historical or antiquarian interest, he was concerned about the moral and spiritual condition of the people, as showing the evil effects of the grinding spiritual

despotism, from which some of them have so recently been emancipated, and by which too many of them are still enthralled. Although his home was situated about two miles distant, a day seldom passed without his visiting two or three times the Piazza Lucina—the scene of Mr. Wall's labours; and the Evangelical work carried on there and elsewhere formed the staple of his correspondence during his brief sojourn in Rome. The three letters that follow were written from there, and give his impressions both of the place and the work.

THE SALA CRISTIANA.

"Since Mrs. Landels and I are now living in Rome, I suppose that the readers of the *Herald* will expect to hear something about that wonderful city. I wonder what I shall write about first. There is so much to speak of, that it will take a great many letters to tell you everything. I think, perhaps, the best thing I can do in this letter is to tell you a little about Rome itself, and then talk about how we do our missionary work among the Roman people.

"Rome is not the largest city in Italy, although it is the capital. Naples, which, as I daresay most of you know, is near to the burning mountain Vesuvius, is more than twice as big. But Rome is a great city, although it is not the greatest. There are more

people in it than in Edinburgh; nearly as many as there are in Birmingham; about the same number as in Portsmouth, Newcastle, and Brighton together. It has altogether about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Almost all of these are Roman Catholics, at least, they call themselves Roman Catholics, but most of them have really no religion at all.

"A great many of the Roman people are very ignorant. Six years ago only about the half of them knew how to read and write. I will tell why that was. Seven years ago an Italian army conquered Rome, and it became an Italian city. But before that, for a great many hundred years, Rome belonged to the Popes. Now the Popes and the priests know quite well that the more people know —the better educated they are—the more they think, and that the more they think, the more clearly they see how absurd and untrue are the things the priests teach and expect them to believe. But if the people had begun to disbelieve the priests and to laugh at what they said, they would very soon have become tired of being ruled over by a Pope, and would have tried to turn him out. Of course the Popes did not want to be turned out, and so, to prevent the Romans rebelling, they tried to keep them as ignorant as possible. Now that Rome belongs to the Italians, instead of to the Pope, the Government

has opened a great many schools, and all who wish can learn to read and write, and a great many other things as well.

"Rome is a very old city, a great deal older than any city in England or Scotland. Those of you who live in Scotland, no doubt, all know a great deal about Edinburgh; a great many of you, I suppose, have been in it; you know how large it is, and how beautiful; and I daresay you think it must be very old. And so it is very old; but Rome was an old city before Edinburgh had ever been heard of. Many of you live in London, and even those whose homes are in other towns have heard a good deal about it, how big it is—not much shorter than the Isle of Wight, and quite as broad; and what a great many people there are in it—as many as in the whole of Scotland. And yet, though London is such a wonderful place, Rome was a famous city before London had begun to be built. Eighteen hundred and seventy-seven years ago Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, was born in Bethlehem; but, when He came into the world, Rome had been a city for seven hundred and fifty years. Even the world itself is not three times as old as this wonderful city. Would you not all like to see such an ancient place?

"Rome is a beautiful place. It is built in the middle of a large plain called the Campagna; but it stands on seven hills, and from some of these hills

are seen most magnificent views of the city, and the plain, and the mountains beyond. In the newer parts of the town, such as on the Esquiline hill where we live, the streets are very fine and broad and clean, but in old Rome, all along the banks of the river the streets are very narrow, indeed, and winding, and not *too* clean—though not so dirty as streets I have seen in London and Glasgow and Newcastle, and other towns of England and Scotland. There are a great many piazzas, that is, open spaces like what we call squares in England, but without gardens in the centre. They are of all sizes, some very large, others exceedingly small. The smallest I have seen is called Piazza Rosa, which means Rose Square. A good big house put down in the centre would about fill it. The Piazza di San Pietro—that is, the Square of St. Peter's—is, I believe, the largest in Rome; it is a tremendous size. Trafalgar Square in London would look very small beside it. It is nearly a quarter of a mile long, and to walk right round it would take you about ten minutes. I hope to tell you more about the piazza, and a good deal about the Church of St. Peter's that stands there, in another letter.

"One of the squares of Rome is called the Piazza San Lorenzo in Lucina. It takes its name from a church on the left-hand side, and the church is named after San Lorenzo—that is, St. Laurence—

who was roasted to death by the heathen Romans more than a thousand years ago. In this square, almost opposite the church, is one of our mission chapels, and as we have come to it I think it will be as well to stop speaking of the city, and to tell you something about our missionary work.

"We call the chapel the Sala Cristiana, which means Christian Hall; and we give it this name to show that it is not used for the Popish worship of the Virgin Mary, and saints and images, and so on, but for the worship of the Lord Jesus in the way the Bible teaches, and for the preaching of the Gospel. I wish you could all see what a nice little place our sala is. I must try and tell you what it is like. Suppose you were walking with me, as the Sunday scholars often do, up the right-hand side of the piazza, we should come, near the top, to an arched doorway. Turning in here, you would see at the end of a longish passage a very handsome double door. Here you would have to wait a minute while I went up some stairs on the left, to Mr. Wall's house, and fetched the key. We should then go through, and you would find yourselves in a small square space, with another double door in front, even more handsome than the first, and having in the upper part frosted glass panels. Across the glass you would see in large letters these two words, *Ingresso Libero*, which means in English, Admission Free. Pushing

back these doors, we should come into the sala, and then I am sure you would all be pleased. I will tell you what you would see. The floor is not made of wood, like floors in England, nor paved with tiles, like that of the Sala Cristiana in Livorno, about which I told you in another letter. It is of white marble, ornamented with stripes of black marble. There are no windows in the walls, which are painted, or rather washed, pale stone colour. Along each side-wall there are five half-pillars, painted to look like marble. From every pillar sticks out an ornamental brass gas-bracket, with three branches, and carrying three glass globes. At night, when all the thirty jets are burning, we have quite a blaze of light. During the day the sala is lighted by a window, or skylight, that stretches almost all along the ceiling. If the sun shines in too strongly, as it does often in Rome even in the winter, we draw nice blue curtains over the window. There is no pulpit, but at the end opposite the door you would see a marble platform about eighteen inches high. At each corner of the platform is a marble pillar, and between the two pillars a thick brass bar or rail.

"On the left-hand side as you enter the sala is a schoolroom, shut off from the chapel by glass doors. Just beyond this is the marble baptistery, with a tiny vestry at each end. In front of the baptistery, on a platform one step high, stands our harmonium—a

large and very beautiful one, with two rows of keys, and I don't know how many stops. It is almost as good as an organ, but I am sorry to say we don't always have some one to play it.

"Now I have given you a very long description of our beautiful Sala Cristiana, much longer than I at first intended, and so long that I am afraid there will be scarcely any room in this letter to tell you about our missionary work—the very thing I was most anxious to speak of. I must just tell you what meetings we hold in our little chapel, and leave the rest for another letter.

"On Sunday, at half-past nine in the morning, we have the Sunday school, about which I shall tell you another time. At eleven, there is what we call the *Culto*. *Culto* means *worship*. At this service we sing and pray, and read the Bible, and then four or five, or even six of the members give short addresses, just as they do in what are called "Scotch Baptist" churches in Scotland. In the evening, at seven o'clock during the winter, eight in the summer, and half-past seven in the spring and autumn, there is a service for preaching the Gospel. Mr. Wall usually preaches, and there are generally large congregations; sometimes the sala is quite crowded.

"On Monday evening at six o'clock I have a class for teaching English. About twenty-four young men have joined the class, but they attend very

irregularly. The usual number present is eight or ten. At seven there is a prayer-meeting, and at eight a singing class.

"On Wednesday evening at six I again have the English class. At seven, Signor Fasulo, one of the evangelists, preaches. At eight the singing class.

"On Friday there is a conversation meeting for the study of the Bible, in which all who wish, whether members of the church or not, are allowed to take part. Generally there are a good many speakers, and the conversations are very lively and interesting, besides teaching the people a great deal about the Word of God.

"Besides all these we have other meetings in other parts of Rome, which I must tell you about some other time. It would make this letter too long if I were to describe them now.

"JOHN LANDELS."

THE MONTI AND TRASTEVERE.

"I have already told you about our beautiful Sala Cristiana in the Piazza in Lucina, and about the meetings that are held in it from week to week. In this letter I shall speak of two other places in Rome where also we have regular services.

"The first is in a part of the city called the Monti. For some years two of our evangelists—Il Cavaliere

Paolo Grassi and Il Dottore Luigi Lancellotti—have been working in that district, preaching the Gospel publicly every Sunday and Thursday, carrying on a Sunday school, and visiting among the people who live round about, and who are said to be true descendants of the ancient Romans. The room in which the meetings were held was pretty comfortable, but rather small, and not in a good position. To get to it one had to grope half-way along a long dark passage, and then climb two flights of stairs. This room is in Signor Grassi's old house, in a street called the Via Panisperna.

Close by this street there is another, called the Via Urbana, and in it a new Sala Cristiana has been built by friends of the General Baptist Missionary Society—the Society that supports Signor Grassi. I have got a photograph of the outside of the new sala, which I shall send to the Editor of the *Juvenile Missionary Herald*, and I hope he will be able to get a copy of it to put in beside this letter.

"Now let us do as we have done once or twice before,—take an imaginary walk together. We will suppose that we have just arrived in Rome by the train from the north—from the town of Livorno, about which you will remember I told you in my first and second letters. Leaving the railway station we walk down a fine broad street, the Via Cavour. At one corner of this street there is a large break-

fasting house, where they sell coffee, raspberry and strawberry syrup, and so on. Here Mrs. Landels and I used often to get our breakfast and supper, eating each a roll and drinking a cup of *caffé nero*—that is, *black* coffee, coffee without milk.

"At the foot of the Via Cavour we come out into a large square called the Piazza dell' Esquilino. On the right is a long street which stretches right away to the famous Pincio hill, and which is called the Via Quattro Fontane—that is to say, Four Fountain Street. On our left hand we see towering up a very large church, the Basilica—as it is called—of Santa Maria Maggiore. I shall tell you something more about it presently. Right in front of us, on the other side of the piazza, is the Via Urbana, of which I have before spoken. We walk down it a little way, passing the old and beautiful church of Santa Pudenziana, and find ourselves in front of a small and simple-looking church, with a very large door. This is the new Sala Cristiana. The house next door (which is also seen in the picture) is connected with it, and is to be Signor Grassi's new home. Both the chapel and the house were only finished a few weeks ago. A party of fifty ladies and gentlemen came from England to Rome to take part in the opening services, which were held on the last Sunday in March.

"Before we go in to look at the sala I want you

to take your Bibles and turn to the 2nd Epistle of Paul to Timothy. In the last verse but one of the last chapter the Apostle says, 'Eubulus greeteth thee, and *Pudens*, and Linus, and Claudia.' I want you to read this verse, because it is almost certain that our new chapel in Rome is built exactly on the place where the house of Paul's friend Pudens stood eighteen hundred years ago.

"Passing through the great doorway, we find ourselves in a lofty wooden porch, in which there are two small doors, one on each side. Pushing back one of these inner doors, we walk into the sala. It does not look quite so homelike as the Lucina hall, but it is nevertheless a beautiful place. The ceiling is very high, almost too high for the size of the chapel. The centre part of the floor is made of a very nice-looking sort of concrete, and the passages or aisles, down the sides and across each end, are of white marble bordered with stripes of marble of a bluish colour. A number of three-branched gas-brackets, like those in the other sala, stand out from the side walls, and from each of the two pillars behind the platform. At each side of the entrance door there is a window, and there are also three small windows high up above the platform.

"We will walk to the other end, and see what the baptistery and the platform are like. They are both very handsome. The platform stretches right across

the hall, and in the centre projects in a sort of bow. It is made of white marble, and has a fine brass railing in front. At each end there are three steps. The baptistery is immediately behind where the preacher stands. It is a deep oval basin of white marble, partly sunk below and partly rising above the platform, and is one of the most convenient and beautiful baptisteries I ever saw. On each side of it there is a door leading from a platform into the vestries and schoolrooms, which lie behind.

"Now, if you have seen all you want of the new sala, we will walk up the hill again and go into Santa Maria Maggiore. 'What a glorious place it is! and what a size!' you exclaim. It is one of the most magnificent churches in the world, and one of the oldest. It is nearly three hundred feet long, and, I suppose, about a hundred and fifty feet wide. On each side there is a row of twenty-one marble pillars. The walls are ornamented with a great many beautiful frescoes and mosaics. And just in front of the high altar there is a railing, two small flights of stairs, and a part of the floor, made of a great variety of the most beautiful coloured marbles that you could imagine.

"Not very many years ago, one of the most important priests of this magnificent church was Canon Grassi. He officiated at Mass, heard confessions, went about in a black gown and a big hat, and did

all that Popish priests in Rome have to do still. But after living many years in religious darkness, he was converted. He became a Christian, and in spite of all that was done and said by his fellow priests to make him remain a Papist, he left the grand church to which he had so long belonged, that he might preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the Romans. It is he who now preaches in the new sala that we have been to see. He was in England last year for a short time, and spoke at a good many meetings. Perhaps some of you saw and heard him.

"Now, if you are not tired of sight-seeing, we will go together to another part of Rome where another of our evangelists works. We walk for about twenty minutes, up and down hill, through narrow, winding streets, and past ancient ruins, till we come to the river, the famous Tiber, one of the yellowest and muddiest rivers I ever saw. We cross to the opposite bank by a bridge called the Ponte Sisto, and, turning to the left along a narrow street that runs close by the water, we soon come to a house, on the groundfloor of which there is a room large enough to hold about a hundred and fifty people, and having a glass door that opens to the street. This part of Rome is called Trastevere, which means—'Across the Tiber,' and this room is our third Sala Cristiana. There are six meetings held in it every week. On Sunday afternoon there is a Sunday-

school to which about forty children come. On Sunday evening and also on Tuesday evening, Signor Alessandro Petocchi has a service for preaching the Gospel. On Friday evening he holds a meeting for studying the Bible—a sort of Bible class, like that which I told you is held in the Piazza in Lucina.

"Other two meetings are held on two afternoons in every week by Mrs. Wall and Signor Petocchi together. And who do you think are the people that come? Almost all of them are beggars, the poorest people in Rome,—cripples, blind, sick, afflicted with all sorts of diseases of mind and body,—a company such as it would be almost impossible to gather together anywhere in England or Scotland, even in such towns as Liverpool, Glasgow, or even London. With these poor creatures Mrs. Wall and Signor Petocchi stay for about an hour and a half, talking to them, reading the Bible to them, teaching them to sing hymns, and to repeat verses of Scripture, and preaching to them about Jesus. Then when they go away, Mrs. Wall gives a piece of bread to each. You should see how grateful they are! They crowd round her, use all sorts of affectionate terms, try to kiss her hand,—indeed, almost worship her. Many of them have learned at these meetings to love the Saviour, and some have died happily trusting in Him.

JOHN LANDELS."

CHAPTER VIII.

NAPLES.

CIRCUMSTANCES connected with the Naples Mission where his brother was labouring, led to his sojourn in Rome being abruptly terminated. Instead of a year, as was first contemplated, it extended only over three months. This prevented his mother and myself having the pleasure of visiting him in his own residence in the Eternal City —a pleasure to which we had all looked forward with lively expectations. When we went to Naples in March 1878 he had already been two months there. We found him busily engaged in conducting English classes which were attended by young men chiefly connected with the University, and in other missionary work, as well as in continuing his study of the language, in which he had made such progress as to be able to take part in the Italian service. During our short stay we had opportunity of witnessing how thoroughly his heart was in his work, and the energy and zeal he evinced in everything which he undertook.

How he endeared himself to the members of the little Church, will be seen from the language in which they addressed him and his wife on the occasion of their leaving, and still more from the touching manner in which they speak of his lamented death, in the letter inserted near the close of this volume. His stay in Naples was more prolonged than in any other town in Italy; and his letters to children from there are among the most minute and graphic which he wrote.

A WALK THROUGH NAPLES.

"Although Mrs. Landels and I have now been more than seven months in Naples, I have never yet told you anything about that interesting city. I thing I must begin now, or you will think I am never going to say anything about it at all.

"Come with me then, to-day, for a walk about the city. Another time, perhaps, we will climb together the burning mountain Vesuvius. Then we must take a day to visit Pompeii, the buried city; and yet another for visiting Puteoli, or, as it is now called, Pozzuoli, the port where the Apostle Paul landed when he was taken as a prisoner to Rome. You will find this place spoken of in the last chapter of the book of Acts.

If you were really to take the walk we are going

to pretend to take, you would all be tired out; for, although we are not going all over the city—(we should need weeks for that)—we are going a long way. Naples is very large;—it is fifteen miles or more in length, curving round the shores of the bay, and is crowded with people. It has more inhabitants than Manchester, Liverpool, or even Glasgow. It is by far the largest city in Italy, and there are not more than six or seven in all Europe that contain a greater number of people.

"We will start on our walk from my brother's house, which is near the west end of the city, and about five minutes' walk from the sea-shore. Behind the house is a fine road, the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, which runs in an easterly direction, and gradually climbs a very steep and lofty cliff, or hill, that protects the city behind. As we walk along this road we pass, every now and then, a long flight of broad stone steps. In some cases each step is about two feet, in other cases about two yards wide. These stair-roads, or rather stair-paths, lead, some of them straight and others zig-zag, to the top of the hill.

After walking about a mile and a-half, we turn off to one of these *gradini*, as they are called, and go up, and up, and up, and up, and up, till you all begin to get tired and out of breath; and if there are any older folks with us, *they* begin to be impatient, and to say:

'This is absurd! Do you want to kill us? We really can't go any farther; it's far too hot, and this most uncomfortable stair seems to have no end.' But we pay no heed to these complaints. On we go, still up and up, until at length we reach the top. And now I am sure you will all be glad you came. We are more than twice the height of the cross of St. Paul's in London; higher than the top of Arthur's Seat in Edinburgh; at the foot of the walls of a great grim castle—the Castle of Sant' Elmo. Having a ticket of admission we walk in, and up on to the ramparts. Now take a good look about you. Far down below is the great city looking very curious indeed, because of its tremendously high and extraordinarily narrow streets. Beyond, stretching far, far away, is the sea, as blue and calm as the sky itself. And away to the left is Vesuvius, puffing out slowly, slowly, great clouds of smoke, just like some lazy old gentleman taking his after-dinner pipe.

"While we are enjoying the view, the twelve o'clock gun is fired close beside us, almost shaking you out of your shoes, and letting us know it is time to be on the march again. We go down another way, by a broad carriage-road, the Via Salvator Rosa, that takes us into the very heart of the city, to the National Museum. I wish I could take you all in to see the pictures and sculptures and mummies, and

other wonderful things that are kept there; but we have not time. It would take three or four hours to see everything, and we have a long way to walk yet.

"From the Museum a splendid broad street, about a mile long, stretches right away to the sea. This is the principal street of Naples, and is called the Toledo, or Via Roma. It has high houses and fine shops on each side, and is always crowded with carriages and people. There are so many people that, generally, it is quite impossible to walk quickly.

"We walk about half-way down the Toledo, and then turn off to the right into a very steep and narrow lane that slopes up to the road on which we began our walk—the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. There is a very large number of these lanes leading from the Toledo to the Corso, and they are crossed and joined together by others equally narrow. Indeed, as soon as we leave the Toledo we find ourselves in quite a maze of little streets—*wynds*, as they would be called in Scotland; *vichi*, as they are called here—where you would soon lose yourselves if you had not me to guide you. They are queer places; so narrow, and with the houses on each side towering so high above them, that, looking up, one sees just a mere strip of blue sky. They are always full of men, women, children, donkeys, cows, goats, maccaroni

and other stalls, and a host of other things. They are well paved with hard stone, or lava, but have no side-paths; and, therefore, it is sometimes rather difficult to dodge out of the way of carts, cows, &c.

"The houses, not only here, but in all parts of Naples, are all about six or seven storeys high, and almost all built of stone—a soft kind of brown-coloured stone, that is not sawn, like marble, but chopped up with strong hatchets into blocks two or three times the size of a four-pound loaf. You think these lanes narrow enough, perhaps; but there is another part of Naples, on the opposite side of the Toledo, and between it and the harbour, a part called the Abasso Porto, where the lanes, or *vicoletti*, are only about half as wide as these, and wind about in the most extraordinary fashion. They are dark and gloomy, because of the height of the houses; and although during the day they are full of people, at night they are as still as death, seeming altogether deserted. I am not going to take you to see this part of the city, because it is dangerous. It is the haunt of thieves and assassins, who would steal all your clothes, and perhaps stab you into the bargain without the slightest compunction.

"I am sure that by this time, although we have only been walking a few hours, you have seen more goats and donkeys, and ragged people and beggars than you ever saw before in a month. We have

already met about a dozen troops of goats; sometimes only six or eight in a herd, but at other times fifty, or even sixty. They are kept for the sake of their milk, which the Neapolitans drink, and make cheese of. Talking of the goats' milk reminds me of a curious thing that I must not forget to tell you. In Naples the cows are not milked in the byres or the pastures, but at the doors of the milkman's customers. Consequently, every now and then, as we walk along, we meet a big brown cow, with a calf by its side, and a bell round its neck. The milkman makes his rounds twice a day, and when he comes to a customer's house, rings the cow's bell. Out comes the servant with a couple of tumblers in her hand, and gets the milk fresh, warm, and *not watered.*

"I said that by this time you must have seen a host of donkeys, and I am sure you have had to get out of the way at least a score of times to avoid being run over by them, or knocked down by the huge panniers, loaded with vegetables, which they carry across their backs. Some of the Neapolitan donkeys are fine large animals, and they are all very patient and useful. It is a curious thing that they never seem to die. I have seen thousands since we came here; I have seen them crippled, covered with sores, almost skeletons, but I have not seen a dead one yet. They have one great fault—they all seem

to think they have beautiful voices, and so they sing from one o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock at night. Occasionally they try a chorus, three or four of them braying together; and when they are chorusing, and a man is playing bagpipes in the street, and a young lady in the house opposite is practising singing in a voice as loud as a town-crier's, —oh! I can't tell you how beautiful the music is. It would be enough to drive a nervous musician mad!

"There are about as many beggars in Naples as there are donkeys. I am not sure there are not more. You cannot take a five minutes' walk, you cannot even look out of the window, without being pestered by them. A man comes and shows you a swollen leg; a woman carries a fat, rosy child, and says: 'Please, your lordship, do give me a little money to get food and medicine for my poor, sick baby;' a sturdy boy sticks his arm out, and says: 'Sir, look, I've only three fingers on my hand—do give me a penny.' All of them, even those that are a great deal fatter than I am, swear that they are dying of hunger. If you do not give them anything they sometimes curse you most vigorously, and sometimes—laugh!

"I expect by this time you are tired of the narrow lanes, so we will go back to the Toledo, and down to the sea. On our way we pass the Royal Palace, which has a magnificent marble staircase—I should

think the most magnificent in the world; and some of the most splendid rooms I ever saw.

"We soon reach the sea, and what a glorious view we get! Some people say that there are views in England and Scotland—for example, the Firth of Forth seen from Burntisland, on the opposite coast to Edinburgh—quite as beautiful as any that can be got of the famous Bay of Naples; but I can tell you that is a great mistake. I have seen the Bay under all circumstances and in all seasons of the year, and have looked on some of the most beautiful sea-coast views in England and Scotland, and, in my opinion, the best of these can hardly give any one an idea of the beauty of the Bay. Take a good look at it now, all of you. The sea is still as brightly blue as when we started on our walk; but a little breeze having sprung up, it is now flashing and sparkling in the blaze of sunshine. Behind us, climbing the heights, and curving for miles round by the shore, both right and left, is the city, with its white houses and church-domes. Still further back is the high hill we climbed, crowned with its frowning castle, and covered from top to bottom with olive trees and Indian figs, groves of orange and lemon trees, mulberries and other fruits, and terraces of vines. Away to the left is the burning mountain, and beyond it a long mountainous point of land runs far out into the sea, and forms the southern arm of the Bay. On the right is

another point, much smaller, but exquisitely beautiful. While right in front, seeming in the clear air to be about two miles away, though it is really twenty-four, is the beautiful island of Capri, famous for its blue grotto, about which, perhaps, I shall be able some other day to tell you.

"Close by the spot where we are now standing is the Castel dell' Uovo—that is, Castle of the Egg—so called because the little island, or rather rock, on which it is built has somewhat the form of an egg. We walk home slowly—for I am sure by this time you are all thoroughly tired—passing, on our way, through the Villa Nazionale, a very beautiful and well-kept public garden that extends for about a mile along the shore. Here a fine band plays every evening, from ten o'clock till midnight, while the people sit round in crowds, and eat ices, &c.

"And now I must bid you all 'Good-bye.' Before long I hope to write again and tell you about the Neapolitan people, and about our missionary work among them. JOHN LANDELS."

THE NEAPOLITANS.

"What glorious skies we have here in Italy! In England, on a warm summer day the sky is very seldom really blue. It has no particular colour, but just a hot, hazy look. And on cooler days, and in

winter, though it is blue, the blue is very pale and delicate. But here, both in winter and summer, the sky is such a deep, deep glorious blue colour as no one can imagine who has not seen it. Even in the hottest summer weather there is no haze to make it dim, and the air is so clear that one can see houses that are twenty-five or thirty miles away almost as plainly as if they were just next door, only, of course, they look very small. Sometimes for weeks together in the summer, and often for days together in the winter, there is never a cloud to be seen.

"The clouds come now and then though, and when they do come they are often very dark and awful-looking, especially when they bring thunder with them. I should like you to see and hear an Italian thunderstorm, only I am afraid it would frighten some of you almost out of your wits. We had one a few nights ago. About half-past seven in the evening we began to see the lightning flashing from behind the hills that half surround our house. We heard no thunder, however, because the storm was still far away. About ten o'clock we went to bed, and the lightning was then almost continually lighting up the whole sky and the few clouds that by that time had begun to gather. We began, too, to hear some murmurings of thunder. Two or three hours later we were wakened up by a most terrific storm. The sky was black as ink. The rain was coming

down in sheets, with a hiss and a rush that made it sound more like a waterfall than a shower. The flashes of lightning followed one another so quickly that the sky seemed constantly in a blaze, and they were so bright that we could see everything in the room as plainly almost as by daylight. And all the while, without ever stopping, the thunder rolled and rumbled, and roared and crashed over our heads with a sound that was really terrific.

"The reason why we have such terrible thunder-storms is that the heat is so great. Oh, how hot it is! I can tell you, you don't know what heat is. Those of you who live in Scotland have had a hotter summer than usual this year; but for about three months we have it as hot between seven and eight o'clock in the morning as the hottest day you have had all the summer. In England there are generally about two months of real summer weather; in Naples, there are five months, or thereabout. How would you like that?

"In the middle of the day, especially in July and August, and the first half of September, the heat is really tremendous. The other day I had to go to the bank and the post-office, a walk of about two miles and a half. I walked slowly, and tried to keep in the shade, but it was no good. I had not gone a mile before my shirt was quite soaked with perspiration, and as I stood in the post-office great drops of

warm water kept splashing off my cheeks and chin on to the letter I was stamping. Sometimes, as I sit studying, in desperation I throw off my coat and vest in the hope of keeping a little cool, but even then the back of my hand is covered with tiny glistening bubbles, and I have to keep a handkerchief at hand to mop my face.

"Now that I have told you how hot it is, you will not be surprised to hear that the Neapolitans dress rather curiously, and many of them also very disgracefully. The working men generally wear boots, trousers, shirt, and hat. A great many go without the hat, and still more without the boots. A great many also go about with their shirts wide open, exposing all the chest, which is a very disgusting habit. The bakers and millers, however, and others who have to do extra hot, or extra hard work, are still more disgusting, for they wear no shirt at all! To see them sitting at the doors in that condition is nothing; they do not hesitate to walk about the public streets. I have seen a baker, for example, naked to the waist—with nothing on, in fact, but a pair of linen trousers—carrying a large tray of bread down one of the busiest streets in Naples. No one took the slightest notice of him; every one seemed to take his appearance in that dress quite as a matter of course.

The women generally dress more respectably than

the men, though even they are sometimes rather disreputable. They almost all go bareheaded, and carry a fan with which to protect their heads from the sun whenever they find his rays too fierce.

"The dress of the children is even more remarkable than that of the grown people. When I say the children, I mean the little boys; for the big boys dress like the men, and all the girls are very decently clothed. But what sort of clothes do you think the boys from two to twelve years old wear? Of course some of them are quite respectable, but others are a disgrace. You see them running about by dozens, especially on the broad street that stretches along the shore, with absolutely nothing on but a shirt! Some of the shirts are long, others short; some clean, others dirty; some blue, others white; some torn right down the side, others full of big holes, and yet others that are simply rags. But I have not told you the worst yet. A great many of these boys wear shirts, it is true, but there are others who are much less bashful, and wear nothing at all. I have seen boys eight or ten years old running about the streets, or lying on the pavement, or standing in the doors of houses, stark naked! You see some of these poor Neapolitan people are little better than heathens, even in their habits.

"One thing that astonishes us about the Neapoli-

tans is the thickness of their heads and the stiffness of their necks. As I have told you, the women always go about with their heads uncovered. Many men do the same. Our landlord's gardener, for example, works about all day quite comfortably while the broiling rays of the sun beat on his bald head! Many children have their heads clean shaved, and almost all have their hair cropped quite close. Yet they run and play in the blazing sunshine from morning till night. One would think their brains must be all fried and frizzled up, but strange to say, the exposure seems not to do them the slightest harm.

"Another thing that shows the strength of Neapolitan heads and necks is the way in which loads are carried. An Englishman almost always carries a heavy weight on his shoulder; an Englishwoman usually carries such weights in her arms. A Neapolitan, on the other hand, carries every burden, big or little, on his head. There goes a man with a large basket of fruit on his head; there another with a barrel of iced-water; and there a woman walking quite serenely under the weight of a bundle of clean clothes, so big and heavy that it looks as if it must soon drive her head right into her body, as one shuts up a telescope. Here is a man with a sort of scaffolding of eight cane-bottomed chairs on his head; here another who carries in the same way a small

ironmonger's shop in the shape of a huge pile of pots, pans, kettles, strainers, graters, small ovens, and other articles of iron and tin; and there, most curious of all, is a small boy who carries in each hand a couple of stone jugs, while on his head there is a round dish about two feet broad, on which are piled up basins, ewers, plates, dishes, mugs, and so forth,—enough to supply a small family with bedroom and table ware. There would be a fearful smash if the pile tumbled down; but nothing ever does tumble off a Neapolitan's head. Why I do not know, but it is a fact.

"The Neapolitans are very fond of sleep, especially in the summer. You may often see half a dozen lying together on the pavement. Sometimes one comes across a man who seems to have fallen down asleep as he walked along, for he lies in the middle of the path on his back, with his arms and legs stretched wide, and the sun beating fiercely down on his unsheltered face. They choose curious positions often in which to take their nap. I saw a man one day with his legs on one chair, his head on another, and his body resting on a window-sill. This was not in a house, but in the street. Not far from the place where he lay is a garden, surrounded by a wall with an iron railing on the top. I have seen a man stretched full length on this wall fast asleep. He could only lie on his side, with his back against the

railing, But though his hard bed was only about eight inches wide, and five feet from the pavement, he seemed not to have the slighest fear of tumbling, but slept as peacefully as if he had been in a bed of feathers.

"A great many poor people—men, women, and children—spend the whole night out of doors, sleeping on church steps, under stalls of melon and lemonade vendors, and so on; and though their only bed is the hard stone, they seem to sleep quite comfortably.

"The poor people live very cheaply, both in winter and in summer, but especially in summer. All the year round they eat the famous maccaroni, about which and how it is eaten I will tell you some other time. They are very fond of nuts of all sorts. Six giant walnuts, all good, and ready cracked, you get for a halfpenny. For the same sum you can also get from ten to fifteen roast chestnuts, hot. A hunch of bread, and with it an onion, a lettuce, a root of fennel, or two or three slices of a delicious kind of sausage called salame,—this is a very common meal in winter. In summer, instead of the onion &c., a pennyworth of figs or grapes is eaten with the bread; and I can tell you that a pennyworth of bread and the like amount of plums, grapes, or figs, make a meal by no means to be despised.

"In Naples and its suburbs there are about eight

hundred thousand people; in the city itself six hundred thousand. There are said to be fifteen thousand priests in the city—that is, one priest to every forty people. Only about one in every ten Neapolitans knows how to read and write. Chiefly because of their ignorance, but also for other reasons, they are very much under the power of the priests; they attend the services in the Popish churches, and worship saints and idols far more than do the people in the north of Italy or in Rome. Their character in many respects is very bad. They lie, and cheat, and steal, as naturally as they breathe. Indeed, the priests, who ought to have taught them better, have set them such a bad example that they seem to think it quite right and proper to do these things. Nevertheless, there are some things about the Neapolitans that are good. They are very cheerful; the greatest misfortunes cannot make them long sad; and boys, and even men, in the most wretched rags, generally look, and are, as happy as kings. They are generally good-tempered, too, though they sometimes fly into fearful passions. Then, like most Italians, they are usually obliging and polite. If only they were real Christians they would be fine people.

"We are trying, therefore, by preaching the Gospel, to bring them to Christ; but the power of the priests over them is so great that it is very diffi-

cult to persuade them to give up the worship of the Virgin Mary and of idols, and to put their trust in Jesus only. But though missionary work in Naples is difficult, it is not all in vain. There are eight or nine mission churches in the city, and though all of them together have not more than a few hundred members, yet we ought to rejoice that there are some hundreds of Neapolitans who believe on Jesus as their Saviour. In our own church there are about twenty members, some of whom have given up all worldly blessings for Christ, and suffered much persecution and trouble for His sake. One of them was once a priest, and a very popular preacher of the Roman Catholic Church. He is now preaching the Gospel with great zeal and success in a town called Trapani, in Sicily.

"I think I have now told you enough about the Neapolitans to make you take an interest in them, and in the missionary work that is being done among them. I want you all to pray especially for our own little church, and for the evangelist, Signor Jahier, who preaches from week to week in our Sala Cristiana. Will you not do this?

"JOHN LANDELS."

A TRIP TO VESUVIUS.

"I wonder what I shall tell you about in this

letter. Shall it be Pozzuoli, the city where the Apostle Paul landed on his way to Rome more than eighteen hundred years ago? Or shall it be Pompeii, the city that a few years later was buried under showers of ashes and rivers of hot mud, and which is now being dug out of its grave? Or shall I speak of Vesuvius himself, the terrible fire-breathing monster that did all the mischief, and since then has damaged and destroyed many a town and village?

"Perhaps, since Vesuvius has lately been rather more lively than useful, and so has attracted a good deal of attention, I had better tell you this time about it; or rather I will take you to the top, and I promise you that when we come down again, you will know a great deal more about the burning mountain than the people who, not very long ago, wrote such nonsense about it to the English newspapers.

"Perhaps some of you think it will be a very dangerous trip, because you remember reading the accounts in the papers about stones being shot 300 feet into the air, and streams of red-hot lava running down the sides of the mountain. Don't be afraid. No one in Naples was able to see the stones or the lava. It was most likely the hotel-keepers who sent such absurd accounts to the English papers. You see they naturally like a great

many visitors to come and stay in their hotels, and they know that the English people always hurry to see an eruption of Vesuvius, and so, whenever the fire is a little fiercer than usual, they send off accounts that are very interesting, but generally untrue—so, at least, I am told. But let us be off, and not waste any more time over hotel-keepers and newspapers.

"We walk to the Piazza San Ferdinando, a large square, close by the Royal Palace, and there we take the tramway car for Portici. In a few minutes, two strong and sleek-skinned mules are harnessed to the car, and off we go. We first pass by the famous theatre of San Carlo, with its five porches, in every one of which you see two men sitting, each having a table in front of him, on which are ink, pens, and paper. These men are public letter-writers, and are pretty well employed by the ignorant Neapolitans in writing friendly letters, business and legal epistles, and love letters, in Italian, French, and various other languages.

"A little farther on we pass the Military Port, where lies at anchor the 'Duilio,' the great ironclad steamer for which the first hundred-ton gun was made. Beyond the Military Port is the general harbour, which is always crowded with ships of all sorts and sizes, among them some of the huge steamers that run between Glasgow or Liverpool and

India. After going a good bit farther, passing various tan-yards, distilleries, and foundries, we come to a great red building, nearly half a mile long, on the right-hand side of the road—that is, on the side next the sea. This is a barracks, and is big enough for twenty thousand soldiers. A little beyond the barracks we find ourselves in the village of Portici. It is really a part of Naples, being a continuation of the broad street along which we have been riding ever since we started. The street, of course, curves, because it keeps always near to the shore of the bay, but there are no turnings, no corners in it.

"In front of almost every other house in Portici we see two or three long thin poles supported on posts, at a height of about four feet from the ground, and every one of these poles is covered with long strips and cords of maccaroni, which are hung out to dry just as the yarn is hung out in bleach-fields. Some of the strips are brownish, others yellowish, the yellowish being the best. They have a most curious appearance as they hang there in the sunshine.

"While we are looking at the maccaroni, two or three country omnibuses pass us. These also are very curious. Imagine a light spring cart on very high wheels, with two seats, open at the back, and with a step all the breadth of the cart. The passengers sit on the shafts, the seats, the bottom of

the cart, and the step behind, a couple also sometimes standing on the smaller step by which one mounts to the big one. They crowd together so well that it is said the little cart sometimes carries no less than twenty. I have counted seventeen myself. This strange omnibus is drawn by only one small horse; but the wheels are so high and the cart itself so light that it runs easily, and does not seem to be too much for the horses' powers.

"Here we are at the end of our journey and of Portici. We jump down from the tramway car, engage—no, we won't engage a guide; I have been to the top of the mountain three times, and can lead you quite well myself. We start on a very good but narrow road between two high walls. You think if it is to be all the way like this the climbing will be very pleasant. But it isn't all like this. In about a quarter of an hour the good pavement ceases, the road—as narrow as ever—becomes much steeper, and is all covered with loose stones of every shape and size. We go stumbling and slipping and sprawling on for about three-quarters of an hour, and then turn to the left along a narrow and level footpath, from which we get a magnificent view of Naples and the sea. After following this path a little way, we turn off to the right, and, scrambling up some almost perpendicular paths,

through thickets of chestnut trees and brambles, soon come to a good carriage-road that winds away up the mountain. We might have come all the way by it, but it would have taken a great deal longer, so I brought you by the short cut.

"We are higher than most of the trees now, and in a little while leave them all behind, and find ourselves among the lava. Whenever there is an eruption of Vesuvius, great rivers of red-hot stuff like molten iron come out of its mouth and run slowly, slowly down its sides. This stuff is called lava. At the part where we now are the mountain is less steep than above and below, and so the lava has spread itself all over, sending down narrower streams here and there almost to the sea. In the last eruption, six years ago, one of these streams went right through the village of San Sebastian, and destroyed a great part of it. Turn round and look far down to the right. You can see the black stream, and the village cut in two, and right in the centre of the lava a roof poking up. That is the roof of the village church. When the people saw the fiery river sliding down straight towards them, they brought all the images out of the church and put them round the walls. They are so foolish and ignorant that they thought the lava would not dare to injure the church when it was protected by the images of the saints. But, alas for them! the burn-

ing waves came rolling on slowly, slowly, steadily, steadily, and swallowed up houses, images, church, and all—all except the roof.

"You can't tell what the lava looks like when it is hot; and neither can I, for I have never seen it; but you can see what it is like now, it is cool—like gigantic 'clinkers' all glued together in one solid mass.

"But we mustn't stop here all day talking, or we shall never get to the top. In about half an hour we reach the end of the carriage road, and find ourselves in front of a fine large building called the Hermitage. This is the observatory of the volcano. A certain Professor Palmieri generally stays here and studies the mountain. He has very delicate instruments that tell him whether the fire inside the mountain is raging or not, and whether there is likely to be an eruption. Just now, because the mountain is rather lively, he sends telegrams about it to the Naples newspapers almost every morning. On the wall of the courtyard of the Hermitage we see a slab of marble on which is an inscription that tells how, six years ago, about thirty persons were killed near by. They were made insensible by deadly gases, and fell down. Then the red-hot lava ran over some of them, and the steam from it scalded others. Those buried under the lava of course were never found. The rest, some dead, some still living,

were carried to the hospitals in Naples, where most of them died. Some of them were so terribly scalded that they were completely skinned all over.

"After we leave the Hermitage we have to walk for three-quarters of an hour over the lava. It is terribly hard work, for just here all the hollows among the 'clinkers' are filled with the 'ashes' which fall in showers whenever the mountain is in eruption, and the path winds among the hollows over these loose ashes. The 'ashes' of Vesuvius are a mixture of crumbled lava and pumicestone, and fine dust, or powder. Though they are called 'ashes,' they are much more like small cinders than what we are accustomed to call ashes. It is as hard work walking in them, as walking in very soft deep sand. Your legs begin to ache, and you begin to wish you hadn't come. At least, you would wish it if you were really there. Indeed, to tell you the truth, I'm sure not many of you could really climb Vesuvius. What a good thing it is we can pretend to do things we can't do in reality. Happily at this part the mountain is not so steep as that we have already climbed, and so we manage to scramble on until we find ourselves at the foot of the cone; and there we had better sit down and rest awhile.

"The top of the mountain is called the cone, because of its shape, which is something like that of a basin turned upside down. Indeed, if you were

to take a basin, turn it upside down, knock in the bottom, and fit into the hole a tea-cup, you would have a very good notion of what the top of Vesuvius is like. The bowl would be the cone, and the cup the crater—that is, the great mouth out of which the fire comes. The cone of Vesuvius is nearly twice as high as Arthur's Seat in Edinburgh, or nearly three and a half times as high as the cross of St. Paul's in London, and about as steep as an extinguisher. It is not rock, but just a great mountain of the fine cinders or ashes that we have already been walking over.

"We begin to climb. We go on steadily for about two minutes. At every step our feet sink deep into the ashes, and the ashes go sliding away from beneath us and carrying us with them. You look back, hoping you have climbed a good piece; but alas! we are only two or three yards higher up than we were when we started. Your legs feel as if they were quite done for, and in despair you sit down and declare you can't go any farther. Courage! you must not give in now after coming so far. Your legs won't get any worse, and you can take as many rests as you like. On we go again, always sinking into the ashes, and at every step sliding down again almost as far as we have stepped up, sitting down to rest every five minutes, and in about an hour and a half we reach the top.

"You all run to the edge of the crater, or cup, and look in; and then give a great shout of astonishment. Some of the little ones are frightened, and want to go down again directly. The sides of the crater are three or four times the height of a house, and in some parts are quite yellow, bright golden yellow, with the sulphur that covers them. Out of every crack and crevice in them curls up a little column of white smoke or steam. There are scores of these tiny curls, and they look very beautiful. Right down in the bottom of the crater there is a small cone, shaped just like that we have climbed, but only the size of a large mound. In the top of it there is an opening, a mouth, about as large as a small room, and shaped something like a thimble that has been half squashed. From this mouth come puffing out great clouds of white smoke, that are sometimes blown into our faces and set us all coughing, being full of sulphur fumes. The edges, or lips of the mouth are red hot, and inside there is a terrific noise that half deafens us — a hissing, and roaring, and rushing, and hurtling, and crashing, that are tremendous. Every minute the lava that is boiling within comes surging up like molten iron to the very edges of the opening; and every now and then, with a loud roar and more tremendous burst than usual, a shower of what look like red-hot fragments of iron are vomited into

the air and fall rattling on the sides of the small cone.

"Now, if you have looked long enough at the great blast-furnace down there in the crater, we will take a look at the glorious view we get from this great height—about the same height as Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Scotland, or as Snowdon in Wales. Turn your backs then on the crater, and try and listen attentively while I tell you about the principal places you see. Right before us is spread out the glorious bay, all blue and sparkling. On the right-hand side of it, a good many miles away from where we are now standing, is Naples, with its huge squarish body and its two long arms, one of which — the Portici arm — stretches toward us, curving round the shore to the very foot of the mountain, while the other—the Posilipo arm—creeps half way along the foot, and then gradually slants away up the slope of the beautiful hilly point of land that forms the north wall of the bay. Beyond this point we see another gulf, much smaller than the Bay of Naples, but quite as lovely. This smaller bay is called the Gulf of Pozzuoli; the Apostle Paul sailed into it when he was brought a prisoner to Rome. Farther away still we see two islands. The nearest one, small and low, is called Procida; not very many people live on it. The large hilly island beyond, with the lofty peak in it, is called Ischia, and

has a good many thousand inhabitants. I believe there are a few real Christians living there, but there is no missionary or evangelist to preach the Gospel to the poor deluded people. Two of our young men once went there to sell Testaments; but very few were bought, for the priests in the island are very numerous and have great power.

"Now look across to the other side of the Bay of Naples. It is a much larger and much hillier tongue of land than the Posilipo point. Indeed, the centre part is a huge mountain as high as Vesuvius itself. Beyond the very end of it is the famous island of Capri. The cruel Roman Emperor Tiberius once lived there, and used to amuse himself by hurling his slaves from the highest precipices into the sea. There are very few priests there, but there is no evangelist. A medical doctor preaches both in English and Italian, but he only gets five or six of the Italians to come and hear him. Turn your eyes again from the island to the point. Right at the end is a small place of which I do not remember the name. Nearer this way, just beyond the mountain I spoke of, which is called the Monte S. Angelo, is the beautiful village of Sorrento, where lots of English and American visitors spend days and even weeks, both in winter and in summer. But, though so many Christian visitors go there, there is no one who preaches the Gospel to the people. Still nearer

to us, on this side of Monte S. Angelo, you see the town of Castellamare, which, eighteen hundred years ago, was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius. A native preacher was stationed there not long ago; but one day the people, stirred up by the priests, assaulted him in the street, and made so much disturbance that he was obliged to come away. Right at our feet are three smaller villages, in none of which, I believe, is there any one to tell the people about Jesus. Our evangelist in Naples has sometimes visited them, and so have some of our young men, selling Testaments and distributing tracts.

"Turn now a little to your right, and look at the great plain that stretches between Naples and Vesuvius. See how thickly it is dotted over with towns, villages, and farm-steadings. It is sad to see them, for they are all sunk in Popish superstition and darkness, and in ignorance of the only true way of salvation through faith in Christ; and in very, very few is there any preacher of the Gospel or teacher of truth. Look especially at that town at the foot of the far-away mountains; it is called Caserta. A few months ago one of the members of our Naples Church went to visit some friends there; and every day, though he is only just a lad, he occupied himself in holding meetings, talking about Christ to the people he met in the streets and coffee-houses, discussing with Papists, and trying in every way to

preach the Gospel. I hope you English boys and girls will copy his example, and be as earnest as he is in trying to bring sinners to the Saviour.

"And now we must start for home if we want to get there before dark. Take a last look at the raging mouth of fire down there in the crater, and then off you go as hard as you can run—not by the track you came up, but by that other one that leads straight, straight down the side of the cone. You are frightened. 'It's too steep,' you say; 'we shall fall.' Never mind if you do; you won't hurt yourselves in those soft ashes, and you won't fall far. Off you go! Away we rush, taking strides about ten feet long, running, jumping, slipping, sprawling. Ah! there's a girl on her back in a comfortable cradle of ashes; and there's a boy gone right head over heels. In a moment they are up again, and on we go. Here we are at the foot of the cone. It took us an hour and a half to go up, and we have come down in fifteen minutes! And here I must bid you all good-night and good-bye.

"JOHN LANDELS."

CHAPTER IX.

GENOA.

AS soon as he had acquired sufficient mastery of the language as to be able to speak it, on the whole, correctly, and with some degree of fluency, he left Naples for the purpose of breaking up new ground in the north of Italy. It was thought desirable that the mission should have three centres, one in the north, one at Rome for Central Italy, and another at Naples for the south. His younger brother had charge at Naples. Mr. Wall, our first Italian missionary, had been for years settled in Rome. His attention was thus necessarily directed to the north. He accordingly set out on a tour of inspection of the northern cities in the winter of 1878. Among other places, he visited Milan, and of its cathedral and a service which he witnessed there, wrote to one of our papers the following description:—

"Although many of your readers have seen, and most of them have some knowledge of, the famous

cathedral at Milan, they may, nevertheless, be interested in reading of the impression it produced on the mind of a recent visitor.

"I have seen many of the most famous cathedrals of Europe, such as London, Paris, Brussels, Cologne, Venice, Pisa, Florence, Rome; but among them all I do not think there is one that, on the whole, pleases and interests me more than that of Milan. Not that it is actually finer than all others, although the Milanese are said to regard it as the eighth wonder of the world. There are others, no doubt, more perfect in the style of their architecture. There are some more grand and majestic externally, others more beautiful or more solemn internally; but for general effectiveness, for combined wonderfulness without and impressiveness within, there is no ecclesiastical edifice I have ever seen that to my mind surpasses the far-famed Duomo of Milan, sacred to the birth of Mary.

"The guide-book descriptions give no idea of the wonderful impressiveness, the solemnising effect of the vast interior—severe enough in its simplicity to satisfy any but the most fastidious, and yet without that appearance of melancholy nakedness that sometimes strikes one on entering a Northern cathedral —with its Titan pillars, its handsome pavement, its lofty Gothic arches, and its far-away, heaven-aspiring dome, and last, but not least, its glorious stained-

glass windows—windows over the door, a double row in each of the side walls, a row on each side above the pillars of the nave, in each end of the transept, windows—all beautiful, all worthy of careful inspection, were it not that they are eclipsed by the surprising beauty of the three great windows—windows is too prosaic a word for them—behind the choir. They are modern, having been executed in the present century; and they are master-pieces. Besides numerous and beautiful arrangements of stained glass in the upper part, they are said to contain 350 representations of Scriptural subjects, 'most of them from old pictures.'

"Among the representations that struck me most I will mention just two. In one of these is seen the manger of the inn of Bethlehem, with the figures of Mary, Joseph, and the child Jesus all well portrayed. Outside we see dimly through the night darkness a company with camels approaching, and over their heads we behold 'the star,' which sends down on their path a flood of light. Not less effective, though in a different way, is one of the Old Testament scenes. The sky is black and terrible; the waters of the flood have already risen high, and in the distance the ark is seen floating safely on their tempestuous bosom. In the foreground is a verdure-clad rock, to whose summit the waters have almost reached. On this rock stands a man with agony in his face. In

his left arm he holds a child, while with his right he strives to draw on to the rock his half-drowned wife, who still clasps firmly to her breast her helpless babe. The elder child meanwhile, all unconscious of the danger, stretches out its little hands to its mother and its baby-sister. The whole picture is wonderfully touching, and helps one to realise how awfully wicked the world must have been to lead even the all-merciful and all-loving Father to destroy it so utterly and so terribly.

"Leaving the interior of the cathedral for the present, let us go up to the roof and the tower. A good stair takes us to the roof, where we make our first halt. Two things strike us. In the first place we notice that the roof is neither of slate, nor of tiles, nor of zinc; but of white marble. One of the wonders of Milan Cathedral is that from the highest point of the spire—not taking into account the figure of the Madonna—to the pavement, nearly 400 feet below, within and without, it is entirely of marble, with the exception of the inside of the roof, which is only a painted imitation.

"But what strikes a visitor most is the bewildering richness, and variety, and abundance of the ornamentation of the roof. We seem to be lost amid a perfect forest of fairy pinnacles, and in a maze of gracefully sculptured arches, and waves, and parapets of stone. The pinnacles, or turrets, are said to

number no less than ninety-eight. Every one of them is crowned with a statue, and every one of them is adorned with niches, in which are beautiful statuettes, every one in itself a work of art. Some of the pinnacles support statues of defunct European monarchs, among the rest a really fine statue of the first Napoleon. He is said, by courtesy, to be holding a lance, but in reality he is protected by a lightning-rod. Of the arches in the parapets and the marble wavelets, whose rows in some parts stretch across the roof, no two are precisely alike in their carving. On some of the arches are sculptured flowers, on others fruit, on others small beasts or birds, and so forth. Every wavelet is crowned with a flower peculiar to itself. How many of these flowers there are I could not say precisely, but I believe upwards of five thousand. Of the statues of all sizes which adorn the exterior of the edifice there are said to be no fewer than two thousand.

"The spire, or tower, is ornamented, like the rest of the roof, with arches, pinnacles, statues, flowers, &c., but is ascended not so much for the sake of admiring its exquisite sculpture, as for the view when a clear day is to be obtained, not simply of the city, and the fruitful plains of Lombardy, but also of the distant Alps. They may be seen also in good weather from the public gardens, the Piazza d'Armi, and other points in the city; but of course

the view is far more magnificent when seen from a height of 360 feet above the pavement. The whole long chain is visible from the Ortler in the east to Monte Viso in the south-west, and between these are distinguishable the peaks of Mont Cenis, Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, the Bernese Alps, and others—a glorious panorama, which repays the visitor tenfold for the fatigue of his climb.

"And now, having spoken of what is to be seen from without the building, let me also tell you something of what I have seen within.

"This morning—whether because this is the 'Day of the Dead,' the day when all the people visit the cemeteries and put wreaths and flowers on the graves of their friends, or whether because to-morrow or the day after begins the *festa* of San Carlo, one of the most famous saints of Milan, I do not know; but this morning there was a grand service, or rather performance, in the cathedral.

"I have sometimes heard it said by speakers in missionary meetings that 'Hindooism is dead;' and I have heard missionaries fresh from the field tell how they have seen at some *mela* tens and hundreds of thousands of people gathered to do honour to Shivă or some other Hindoo god. And, having told these things, the missionary has emphatically declared, 'No! Hindooism is not *dead* yet. It has lost much of its former vitality, no doubt; but it is

not *dead!*' So I say to myself often in regard to Popery. Before coming to Italy I had often heard and often read that Popery was practically *dead*, that the great mass of the Italians were altogether alienated from it, that nothing remained to be done but for Christian labourers to go and reap the fields already 'white unto the harvest.' I accepted these statements with joy; but I have since learned that they are far too sweeping and far too brightly coloured. Doubtless 'Giant Pope' has neither the power nor the influence he possessed half a century ago; doubtless educated Italians are awakening from superstition and swelling the ranks of infidelity; doubtless the secular journals combat and deride the follies and errors of Romanism; doubtless Italy will never submit to a re-establishment of the 'temporal power.' Nevertheless, when I hear on all hands that few are the infidels, the atheists, the enemies of the Papacy who do not seek the presence and absolution of the priest in their last hours; when I know that to become an Evangelical means to lose influence, occupation, friends, in many cases to well-nigh starve; when I see in Turin the churches thronged every Sunday; in Naples the streets blocked by eager crowds who follow some idolatrous procession; in the cathedrals of various towns, on some special occasions, vast concourses of not seldom attentive devotees—when I see and think of these

things, I feel that Popery is by no means dead yet; that though the giant may have received his death-wound, his life-blood ebbs slowly, and his strength is not exhausted; that the work of the missionary is still rather of sowing than of reaping.

"Such thoughts as these were in my mind as I stood in the Duomo of Milan, for there was gathered there a huge multitude of men and women, which every minute was increased by fresh arrivals.

"What was the actual number of the audience I could not pretend to say, but there must have been many thousands. They almost filled the transept, and extended also for a considerable distance down the nave. Among them were many country folks who had come to keep the *festa* from the villages around. On the whole, the audience were not only orderly, but even devout. I noticed but two or three who gossiped or joked, and in this respect the crowd compared favourably with those I have seen in other cathedrals—Naples, for example.

"The performance had already begun when I entered the church. The Archbishop sat on his throne, attended on right and left by bishops, canons, and other subordinate dignitaries. Richly robed priests were moving about before the high altar. On the right-hand side of the choir, opposite the archiepiscopal chair, was displayed the 'treasure,' consisting of various massive dishes and other vessels

of precious metals. Between every two pillars of the nave and transept hung a huge tapestry representing some scene in the life, or at or after the death, of San Carlo. All these things I noted, and at the same time my ears were delighted with the exquisite music, which, sent forth by splendid organs and well-trained voices, resounded from arch to arch and vault to vault, filling the whole vast edifice with melody.

"The music was well-nigh perfect, one bass voice especially being magnificent alike in richness and in power. But the music alone was pleasing. The rest of the performance, which lasted about two hours, was simple and melancholy mummery. Let me mention just a few of the senseless and ridiculous proceedings: the Archbishop was clad at the beginning like a simple priest or canon; but when he rose in majesty to betake himself to the altar, he had to be hurriedly and carefully robed by one of the subordinates. As he ascended the steps, or moved from side to side, two officials were obliged to bear the two corners of his magnificent train. When he returned to his seat, his mitre at the fitting season was put on or taken off by one of the canons by his side. When he was to read some portion of the service, the huge book rests not on a wooden stand—as ordinarily—but on one of flesh and blood. Now and again two little acolytes, or neophytes, or

whatever they may be called, ascend the steps of the throne, and kneel in attitude of adoration before the poor sinful man who occupies it.

"One other fact only I will mention, a fact most noteworthy. While the Archbishop or some other priest was waving the incense-pot backwards and forwards before the altar, the incense suddenly burst into a bright strong flame that refused to be suppressed, and threatened to set on fire the robes of the priests and the drapery of the altar. At length, by dint of vigorous efforts, the ecclesiastics succeeded in blowing out the dangerous and inconsiderate flame. When we remember that the incense represents the prayers of the faithful, what significance do we see in the apparently trivial incident. Sometimes, by the breathing of the Holy Spirit, there is kindled a desire to know God, to draw near to Him, to 'see the Father,' in the heart of some Catholic; and this spark of desire growing stronger and stronger, bursts forth at last into a veritable flame of prayer to God. But it is whispered in the ear of the priest, 'Look well to such an one. "Behold he prayeth!"' The priest is alarmed. He sees that if this continues, and if a like flame bursts forth in other hearts, his influence, his power, his emoluments will be endangered. So he comes, and with the poisonous breath of lies seeks to blow out the flames, strives to confine once more the prayers of the

awakened sinner in the sacerdotal censer, declaring that only through the priest can man draw near to God, and that all who seek direct access will perish certainly and eternally. Sometimes he is successful in his vile attempts, and the flame is extinguished. At other times, thank God! he altogether fails; the awakened sinner goes on praying until he attains the object of his longing, until the 'Sun of Righteousness' shines forth upon him, 'with healing in His wings,' until he beholds the Father, and his soul is filled and flooded with the eternal peace. So may it be with every individual in this great nation, which —with all its faults and failings—is yet yearning for and striving after truth and liberty. May its aspirations and efforts be crowned with success greater and more glorious than it dreams of. May Italy, with political and social liberty and truth, come also into the enjoyment of Gospel liberty, and learn to know and love Him who is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life!'"

As the result of his tour he came to the conclusion that Genoa, all things considered, was the most favourable place for the new centre. And after returning to Naples to prepare for his removal, he left Naples and settled in Genoa in December 1878. On his leaving, the Church addressed to him the following letter:—

"*The Apostolic Church of Christ at Naples, to the beloved brother Signor John Landels.*

"DEAR BROTHER,—ON the eve of your separation from this church to go into another field of our Italian provinces, in order to announce there Christ and His glorious Gospel, we—all the brethren of the church,—expressing the ineffable anguish of our hearts at so hard and hurried a separation, with one mind wish to express to you, at least as best we can in a short letter, the fraternal sentiment that we nourish for you and your consort, and to say to you a last word of addio.

"As your brethren redeemed by Christ, we render first of all thanks to the common Father for having led you here; then we wish to assure you that your sojourn among us has been fruitless to none, nor your voice a cry in the desert; rather a voice of encouragement and of comfort, of joy and of gladness, and that if for the present your knowledge of our idiom is defective, we have reason to say, without fear of being contradicted, that the lack is abundantly supplied by the gifts of your heart. We therefore, thanking you most heartily for all the good you have done us, protest that we shall always strive in prayer for you and for your work in Christ at the throne of our God; from whom emanate all the graces of which we have received continually. Further, we wish to assure you that, as you, we are sure, however far away, will be with us in spirit, we shall have you in our hearts.

"Now may the Lord accompany you both wherever you turn your steps, guard you and protect you, comfort you and bless you according to the greatness of His

paternal heart, also crowning with great success your labours and trials, to His glory, and to the salvation of many of our fellow-countrymen. Do you also think of the brethren you leave near Vesuvius on the shores of the Sebeto and pray for them. For our part, we will preserve always grateful remembrance of you and your wife, and in symbol of it accept the bouquet of flowers which we present to you; but, above all the flowers, accept that which our hearts offer you, which alone never dies, our *love*.—Your very devoted brethren in Christ, P. E. JAHIER."

Here follow the names of twelve other brethren of the church.

Our Mission had already formed connection with that city. A church of rather a nondescript character, which had existed for more than twenty years, met in the Piazza del Serriglio. To this church our Society, through one of its agents, entered into an undefined and almost undefinable relation. With the Catholicity which has always characterised it, and, it may be hoped, ever will, it agreed to render help to what was represented to it as a good work, without seeking for any guarantee for the work being done on lines of which it would approve. The leader of the church, Signor Mazzarella, was becoming old and frail; besides which, his duties as a member of parliament required that he should be away from Genoa during a great part of the year. Owing to this and other causes, the church had been

somewhat weakened; and it was suggested, in the first instance, that a grant should be made to it of a sum of money sufficient to pay the rent of the sala in which it met, and other incidental expenses. This suggestion was agreed to. Shortly afterwards an evangelist, who was labouring in connection with our agent, was sent there to act as pastor of the church, his salary being still paid by the society. Such was the state of things when my son settled in Genoa.

Some of the most judicious members of the committee who knew most of the position—the antecedents of the church, the wretched *locale* in which it met, and its reputation throughout the city—strongly advised a new commencement in preference to any attempt to work in connection with the church in the Serriglio. There existed, however, as a bar to this, the relation which the committee had already formed. Although it had drifted into it almost unwittingly, it could not ignore what had been done. On this account my son's first attempts at work in Genoa were made in connection with this church.

In a very short time it was evident that they had judged rightly who advised the new commencement. Although Signor Mazzarella at one of its meetings gave a very cordial welcome to my son and his wife, the church never recognised any connection with the committee, beyond that of receiving all that the

latter had to bestow. The evangelist, apparently elated by his position as pastor of the church, sought to humour the church in everything; not only countenanced but invited its disregard to the committee's wishes; did no evangelistic work, but contented himself with preaching without preparation to the handful of members and their friends, depending on his *doni* or gifts which some injudicious friend led him to imagine he possessed; and seemed unable to brook the presence of any one who, as representing the committee, occupied a position superior to his own. My son was careful not to interfere either with him or the church, except where the interests of the society which he represented required his action. They conducted their meetings in their own way, he appearing among them simply as a private member, and leaving them in all that pertained to their interior action as independent as they were before.

With the church he could, in all probability, have gone on smoothly enough, had the evangelist been faithful to the interests of those by whom he was employed, and on whom he was dependent for support. In addition, however, to his dislike to my son's presence in Genoa, that official was offended with the pecuniary arrangements of the committee. They were not so liberal as he declared he had by a third party been led to anticipate. In addition to

the fixed amount which he received as salary, he expected to receive whatever might be saved from the sum which the committee allowed for other expenses. This was never the intention of the committee; and my son as its agent had to see that the money which was not required for the purpose for which it was noted, should be retained on the committee's account, to be disposed of as it might direct. To the disappointment thus occasioned the evangelist attributed his pecuniary embarrassment, and stormed and threatened resignation. My son did what he could for him, helped him from his own private sources, and pleaded his cause with the committee, which, after the threatenings in which he had indulged, was not very much disposed favourably to consider the case.

Matters very soon came to a crisis in the following manner. There were four persons who applied for membership in the church, who were also candidates for baptism. The church agreed to receive them; and as it was neutral on the subject of baptism, my son, along with the evangelist, arranged for their being baptized. The sala in which the church met was the most suitable place for the purpose; and as the rent was paid by the Baptist Missionary Society, it was not supposed that any one's consent was necessary before it could use its own. A temporary baptistery was provided, and was in readiness for use

after the Sunday morning service, when two members disliking to see it there, without consulting any one, dragged it out by force, the evangelist looking on with a helpless smile at this act of violence. My son of course complained of this action, of which, after a lot of palaver, the church substantially approved, the evangelist himself joining in the approval. I was on the eve of a visit to Italy when this took place; and was requested by the committee to inquire into the circumstances. As the result of my inquiries, I advised my son as the agent of the Society to withdraw from all connection with the church and the evangelist, and to commence work in another part of the city. This advice was approved by the committee at home. Preposterous pecuniary claims made by the evangelist were settled by the payment of his salary for some months in advance; and thus the connection of our Society with the church in the Serriglio was terminated.

I am sorry to have to record that the connection was scarcely severed when the Serriglio—the church and its evangelist—were admitted into the Free Church of Italy. Without any inquiry at any one connected with our Society, whether secretary, or agent, or member of committee, the Free Church of Italy entered the sala for which the Baptist Missionary Society had paid the rent, and took into its

employ an evangelist before the term for which the Baptist Missionary Society paid his salary had expired. Such action on the part of rival missions in Italy are the greatest hindrance to the success of the Gospel there. And it is indeed surprising that a church which, through Signor Gavazzi and others, appeals to all denominations for money, should act such an uncatholic and unbrotherly part. In its annual report it deems the accession of the church in the Serriglio a reason for special exultation and thanksgiving. We shall be surprised if those who become acquainted with the facts do not find in them cause for very different feelings.

After the termination of his connection with the church in the Serriglio, the first thing my son had to do was to find another sala in which to carry on his work—no easy matter oftentimes in Italy. After a vast amount of trouble and repeated disappointments, he at length happily succeeded in finding a room in one of the west parts of the city, the Piazza Deferrari, close to the place from which the omnibuses start for the various suburbs and adjoining towns. From the day of the opening, the attendance at the various services, larger than is often witnessed in Italy, shows how admirably the site is adapted for its purpose. In the following letter he gives an account of the opening services.

GENOA—OPENING OF THE NEW LOCALE.

"My dear Mr. Baynes,—I am happy to be able to inform you that after much anxiety and many wearisome delays we have at length actually begun work in our new locale.

"The premises, as I think I have before told you, are in about the very best position in all Genoa. Not only are they situated in the largest and most central as well as busiest square in the city, the Piazza Deferrari, but they are also exactly at that point in the square whence four or five lines of omnibuses take their departure. Many of the 'buses stop immediately before the entrance to the palazzo, the ground floor of which is mainly occupied by the mission premises, and passengers, whether entering or leaving the cars, can hardly fail to observe the inscription, 'Sala Cristiana. Ingresso Libero,' which is traced in letters of gold above the door of the locale.

"The Wesleyan Methodists, like ourselves, have just commenced missionary operations in this city. During the last four months or so their evangelist, Signor Zocco, has been busily occupied, first in seeking, then in preparing a hall for evangelistic meetings. His locale is in a good central position, the Via Luccoli, but it has the disadvantages of being on the first floor and

somewhat small. Notwithstanding these defects, however, Signor Zocco may esteem himself fortunate in having been able to secure so eligible a locale, for owing to the bigotry or to the worldly fears of the owners of house property in Genoa, the difficulties in the way of obtaining suitable premises for evangelistic work are almost insurmountable, being even greater, according to my experience, than in Naples itself, that stronghold of the priests. As to ourselves, it seems almost as though there must have been a *special* interposition of Divine providence on our behalf to enable us to secure *such* premises in *such* a situation.

"Special services in connection with the inauguration of *both* the new locali were held last week. Large posters as well as handbills announcing the meetings were printed both by Signor Zocco and myself, and during the last ten days passengers in the streets of Genoa have been stared in the face at every turn by more announcements of evangelical meetings than it is probable they ever saw before at one time. What offence to the eyes and what a shock to the nerves of the priests these posters must have given! What horror these gentry must have felt at the thought of the opening of *two* new hotbeds of heresy, the *doubling in one day* of the number of evangelical conventicles in Genoa!

"Signor Zocco's meetings were held on Sunday

and Wednesday of last week. On both occasions his hall was crowded to suffocation, and many had to go away unable to obtain admittance. Our own meetings extended over a period of eight days, and were equally successful; so that we all feel we have superabounding reason to 'thank God and take courage.'

"Although we had been praying for large attendances at our inaugural meetings, I must confess I was amazed when, on arriving at Signor Zocco's locale a short time before the hour for commencing, I found it all but impossible to gain admittance, by reason of the throng of people; and I had no expectation and little hope that our very much larger hall, though in a better situation, would be equally well filled. But He 'who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think,' in His loving-kindness dealt with us according to our petitions rather than our faith, and not even according to our petitions, for He far exceeded our requests. The meeting was announced for 8 P.M., but the doors were opened an hour earlier, and *at once* the people began to enter. In less than half an hour *every chair was occupied*, and there were also many people standing; and still they kept on coming. Even before the hour of commencement struck, every inch of standing room was occupied, while immediately round the entrance and in the space between the

double doors the people were literally *jammed* together. Nor was this all, for within the entrance hall, or portico of the palazzo, there were dozens of young men and others continually coming and going, striving in vain to gain admittance to the sala, or to catch some of the words that fell from the speakers. We have in all six dozen chairs, in addition to which ten or twelve more were brought out of the private rooms into the sala. By actual count there were upwards of eighty people standing, and if we add to these those who choked the doorway, with the dozens who stood round about outside, or who came and went in the hope of getting in, we may safely reckon that fully two hundred people came to the meeting, of whom but a small proportion were friends from other evangelical churches.

"The congregation, though so uncomfortably crowded, was remarkably orderly, and listened with close attention and evident interest to the various addresses. The speakers were the Rev. E. Clarke, who very kindly came through from Spezia on purpose to take part in the meeting, Signor Jahier, our evangelist at Naples, and Signor Mazzarella.

"As I have already intimated, the special services were continued during the week, and with undiminishing success, the sala being equally packed, and the number seeking admission in vain equally great night after night. The speakers were—Monday,

Signor Jahier; Tuesday, Signor Mazzarella; Thursday, Signor Zocco; Friday, Signor Amaddio Dal-Canto, an evangelist employed at Civita Castellana, about thirty miles from Rome.

"The last of the special meetings was held last evening. I spoke on 'L'Iddio Sconosciuto, ed il Rivelatore di Lui' (The unknown God, and His Revealer), founding my remarks on Job xi. 7 and John i. 18. I had expected a smaller audience than usual, as an Englishman was to preach, but the congregation was as large and as attentive as on the preceding evenings.

"For a success so far surpassing our expectations, and even our hopes, we cannot feel sufficiently grateful to our Heavenly Father, and we ask you, dear Brother, and all the readers of the *Herald*, to unite with us in giving thanks to Him who has so greatly blessed us. We ask you also to unite with us in the earnest prayer that He who sends the people to hear the truth will likewise open their hearts to receive it, to the glory of His name.

"I feel that it would not be right to close this letter without at least making honourable mention of three friends, to whose kind and efficient help is owing in no small degree the possibility of a letter containing such good and cheering news. I refer to Miss Emery, a lady well known to all evangelical workers in Italy, who, on my request, *without the*

slightest hesitation, placed at my disposal for a month the services of her agent, Signor Dal-Canto; to Signor Sadri, whose untiring activity in making known the meetings to his acquaintances (half the Genoese are his acquaintances) and to the general public was one of the main causes of their success, and who is continually engaged in one way or another in furthering the interests of the Mission; and to Mr. Robert Walker, chief clerk in the Genoa offices of the London and Lancashire Insurance Co., who rendered most efficient help during the treaties necessary to the satisfactory drawing up of the lease of the locale, and who in other ways has given valuable help, as, for example, by presenting the Mission with two thousand notice-cards such as that I enclose. To these three friends I feel myself under great obligation, and I am glad to take this semi-public opportunity of expressing at once my indebtedness and my grateful recognition.

"In future our meetings will be as follows:—Sunday, at 11 A.M., Public worship (*Culto*), at 8 P.M., Evangelisation; Tuesday, at 8 P.M., Bible Study; Thursday, at the same hour, Evangelisation. I shall not fail to inform you of any interesting incidents that may occur. Meanwhile, with affectionate regards, I remain, yours most faithfully,

"JOHN LANDELS."

"GENOA, *Monday, 8th September* 1879."

The reader has observed how fond he was of natural scenery, and how well he could describe what he saw. His home in Genoa was greatly to his taste in this respect; and though it proved to be most imperfect in its sanitary arrangements, it was beautifully situated. It formed part of a large house or palazzo, as it was there called—a huge block containing many residences, and stood on a commanding height. The windows all looked out on the Mediterranean. The study window looked due south, over the gardens of the Villa Novello, and along the eastern shore, with the broad expanse of the Mediterranean stretching away on the right. The others looked due west, along the northern coast, with its long sweep of bays and headlands, terminating where the Maritime Alps rear their snowy crests. Sometimes, when the sun was lighting up the smooth surface of the sea, or setting behind the mountains, he would draw his wife to the window, and hold her there, as if he could not get her to see and admire sufficiently. His home was inexpensively and plainly furnished, but neatly arranged, and he took great delight in it. After doing something to improve the appearance of his little parlour, he would light the lamp and get his wife to look in from the hall to see how nice it looked. On one of these occasions he compared it with the drawing-room of a friend, and had to admit that his was inferior to that. "But

then," said he to his wife, "we are missionaries, you know; we don't want to make a show." This was characteristic of him throughout. He never in his habits forgot that he was a missionary. He dressed plainly, almost shabbily, not caring to make a show. He fared frugally—I think, for his health, too frugally,—not that he might hoard, but that he might have to give away.

He gives a description of his home and of the city in his last-written letter to his juvenile friends in Kirkcaldy, found among his papers after his death, his illness having prevented his sending it off. It has since appeared in the *Juvenile Missionary Herald*, for which it was originally intended. The Editor says: "We are sure all our young friends will feel a special and mournful interest in reading it, telling them, as it does, how deeply the writer loved the work in Genoa, and how earnestly he longed to excite the interest of others in it."

Mr. Landels wrote:—

"We will have a talk, then, about Genoa; and not only a talk,—we will have a walk together, too, just as we did about Naples. We will suppose that you have all just arrived in the train from Paris, and that you have driven straight from the railway station to my house. What a lot of carriages you need!—twelve or thirteen at least, even if six of you are packed inside each carriage and one of you sits

beside each driver. What a long procession to come winding through the crowded streets!—everybody stares and wonders who you are. You have to leave the carriages a little way before you reach our house, because the road is so narrow that only a few carriages can stand in it at the same time. Indeed, except just beside the house, it is only just wide enough for a carriage to pass along it.

"When you reach the house, or *palazzo*, as it is called, you are astonished at seeing such a big building. It has two entrances, and, looking up, you can count seven flats above the groundflat, and in each flat ten windows. But it is even bigger than it looks, as you will find out in a minute. You go in at the left-hand doorway, and are surprised to see that there is a stair leading down as well as up. The reason is that the ground at the back of the *palazzo* is a great deal lower than it is in front, so that what looks in front like the ground floor is really two floors above the ground floor. Counting the groundflat and the attics that are built on the flat top of the *palazzo*, there are altogether eleven storeys. Each flat, except the top and bottom, is divided into six houses of five or six rooms each, so that there are about sixty houses in the one building,—quite a little village, big enough for three or four hundred people to live in. What do you think of

that? In the back of the house you can count one hundred windows.

"You go up two flights of stairs, and find the door of our house facing you. Walk in and rest yourselves till we start for our walk. See what a grand view of the sea there is from the study window. How calm and blue and sunny it is. It makes you long for a bath this hot day, and we would have a bath too if we could, but unfortunately we can't. I will tell you why. The only way down to the beach, which is far below the cliff—unless we go some miles along the shore—is by the stair of a large bathing establishment, and this establishment was shut up and the top part of the stair taken away about a fortnight ago. You see there are usually in Italy some terrific thunderstorms about the end of August or the beginning of September; and the Italians have a strange notion that it does one harm instead of good to bathe after these storms have begun. I am sure you will agree with me in thinking they are clean daft, especially when I tell you that we have far hotter weather here in the end even of September than you ever have in the middle of July or August.

"Well, if we can't have a bath, there is nothing to hinder us taking a walk—unless some of you feel too lazy to walk in the heat; so let us be off.

"Close by our house is the large church of Santa Maria in Carignano. It is one of the churches that all visitors to Genoa go to see. We will go into it, not because there is anything inside that will be very interesting to you, but because I want to take you up to the top of the dome. Some of you little ones, and most of the teachers find it pretty hard work to mount the long winding stair, but here we are at last, in the open air, on the very top of the dome. Now, isn't that a glorious view? Look first toward the sea. What a grand sweep of blue water! Did you ever see the Firth of Forth that colour? I don't think you ever did; and I am quite sure you never saw such a deep-blue sky in Scotland. What a bonnie little bay on the left, and what a bold rocky headland beyond it! The headland is called Monte—that is, mount—Fino, and is one of the most beautiful points on this beautiful coast.

"On the right you see the fine harbour thronged with large steamers and other shipping, on some of which the Union Jack is flying. Beyond the harbour the coast takes a bend in by a large village called Sampierdarena, and then a few miles farther on curves sharply round to the left, and stretches away seaward as far as the eye can reach, forming the western boundary of the great Gulf of Genoa. All the way along, steep mountains and hills rise

from the very shore; and behind these, peeping over their shoulders, we see chain after chain of high hills, as high as the highest Scotch mountains; while beyond them all there are the huge Maritime Alps, as they are called, which for three-fourths of the year are white with snow. Now turn your backs to the sea, and look at the city lying at your feet. How it seems squeezed and crushed between the hills and the sea, and how irregular and up-and-down it is, for there is hardly an acre of level ground in Genoa. All round it, from Sampierdarena to Monte Fino, are the steep and bare hills, cloven in all directions by winding and zigzag valleys, or rather gorges, and towering up two or three times as high as Arthur's Seat.

"On the right, that is, on the Monte Fino side, between these mountainous hills and the ridge on which this church stands, you see the little river Bisagno — or rather, you see only its stony bed, for the summer drought and heat have quite dried it up. Up among the hills, and by the side of the river, about two miles away, is the Campo Santo, or cemetery. One thing that looks strange to you as you look down on the city, is that you can only discover one or two streets; everywhere else the houses seem to be packed close together; but they only seem so. There are plenty of streets, but most of them, even important ones, are so narrow that

you can hardly tell they are there till you are in them. If you have looked long enough at the view, we will go down and I will take you through some of these narrow streets.

"We go first down a very steep and badly-paved but pretty wide street, called Via Fieschi. At the foot of this we cross a small square in which five or six ways meet, and turning to the left, walk up the widish and *well*-paved Via Giulia (Julia). At the head of this street, we see right opposite to us, on the other side of a large square, the palazzo, in which is the hall we use for our meetings. In fact, as we look from across the piazza (or square) right into the doorway of the palazzo, we can read the words that are in large gold letters over an inner-door, 'SALA CRISTIANA. *Ingresso libero;*' which means, 'Christian Hall. Entrance free.' As we are so near, we may as well go in and have a look at the hall.

"We ring the bell, and the door is soon opened by Signor Sadri, a Persian gentleman, who is a member of our little church, and a great friend of mine. He is very glad to see us, for he is very fond of young folks, and they are generally very fond of him. He lives at the Mission House, or, as we call it, the *locale;* for, besides the large hall, we have five other rooms and a kitchen there. And now how do you like the hall—the sala? I am sure you all think

it a capital place. The floor is not of wood as it would be in England, nor of bricks like that of our meeting-place in Livorno, nor of glazed tiles as in our first sala in Naples, nor yet of marble like that of the Sala Cristiana in Rome. Like most of the floors in Genoa, even those at the very top of the highest houses, it is of mosaic, that is, of countless tiny little bits of stone of all shapes and many colours, perfectly smooth and united firmly together by strong and hard mortar. The ceiling is nice and high, and both it and the walls are very neatly painted. Opposite the door are two very large windows, which let in plenty of air but not very much light, as the house beyond is very high and so close that by leaning out of the window you could reach about half-way across to it. Instead of a pulpit we have a low platform, on which stand a nice table and three chairs. When you stand on the platform the windows are on your right hand, and the entrance with an inner, handsome, double glass door on the left. There are also four other equally handsome glass-doors in the hall, one on each side of the platform, and other two in the wall opposite. So much glass adds greatly to the nice appearance of the sala. On the walls you will see that I have nailed six bright illuminated texts (in Italian), that were done on purpose for the sala by a young lady in London. Whenever we have meetings we notice people read-

ing these texts, especially the big one over the platform, which is a verse you all know—'God so loved the world,' &c. You see that we have no pews, but instead, rush-bottomed chairs; not common rush-bottomed chairs however, but strongly made, with pretty red and green and yellow rush straws, all neatly arranged. There are a hundred of these chairs, and at every meeting they are all occupied, and great lots of people stand round as well; in fact, at every meeting we have had yet there have been 150 or 160 people, and the sala has been so crowded that it was difficult to move about.

"I should like you to be at one of the meetings. I am sure you would be astonished at a great many things. For example, there is the Studio Bibolico, or Bible Study, which is just one of the regular public meetings. At this meeting, any one who wishes is allowed to speak, and I am sure it would surprise you very much to see a stranger get up and ask a lot of questions, or make a whole string of objections to what the minister had been saying; yet this sort of thing happens often. I am sure you would open your eyes very wide too if some Sunday your minister, feeling very tired, should suddenly sit down in the middle of his sermon, and go on calmly preaching away in that comfortable position; yet this would be just what a preacher did at one of our meetings the other day. And I wonder what you would think

if, at a Sunday evening service, you were to hear people in the congregation cry out every now and then, 'Capital!' 'First rate!' 'Bravo!' at what the preacher was saying; and if the whole congregation should frequently burst out laughing at something that pleased them in the sermon, would you not be very much amazed? Yet if you were able to come to our missionary meetings in Italy, you would often hear and see things like these.

"But you must not think the meetings are noisy, or that they are never solemn. The people always listen very attentively to what is being said—in fact, Italians are better listeners than Scotchmen, and *much* better than most Scotch Sunday-school boys. And the meetings are sometimes very solemn indeed. I have known the people so quiet when an evangelist was speaking very earnestly, that you might have heard a pin fall or a watch tick.

"Now I will tell you a little story, a true story, and then, since this letter is already quite long enough, I will say good-bye, and we will finish our walk and visit the narrow streets another time.

"There was once a poor widow who dreamt that her husband appeared to her in a vision, and told her to buy certain tickets for the lottery, and that she would certainly win. When she woke up she determined to take this advice, and having no money, she sold a picture of Christ and bought the tickets. She

won a good sum of money; but her conscience twinged her, and she confessed everything to the priest. He pretended to be horrified, and told her she could never be forgiven for having sold the picture unless she gave the money for her husband's good, who had much need of it. She was to take it to her husband's grave after midnight, and an angel —said the priest—would come and receive it from her. She went, and there appeared to her a being in white robes, whom she supposed to be an angel, and to whom she gave the money. But somehow or other the police had heard about the affair, and were hidden in the cemetery. As soon as they saw the pretended angel walk off with the money, they came out of their hiding-place and walked off the angel to the lock-up! And I am sure you will all agree that he got no more than he deserved. Good-bye. Your affectionate friend, JOHN LANDELS."

CHAPTER X.

CLOSING DAYS.

THE intense zeal with which he entered into his work in Genoa was, we cannot help thinking, to a large extent the cause of his illness and death. His labours in connection with the opening of the sala told, as they could not fail to tell, on his physical energy, and we fear prepared his system for receiving the seeds of disease which was to terminate fatally. In the most trying season of the year he worked as few men think of working in an Italian climate. And in addition to the efforts which taxed his strength, he gave himself an amount of anxiety about the successful conduct of our meeting, which we cannot doubt aggravated the disease, and contributed to the fatal result. The sala had not been a month opened when —a thing most unusual—he began to complain of weariness and exhaustion. And very soon afterwards more serious symptoms began to show themselves. These indicated a severe attack of gastric

fever, such as rendered immediate and careful treatment necessary. To every one but himself it was obvious that to attempt working, even to the smallest extent, was only to accelerate the exhaustion of strength and to lessen the probability of recovery. But his indomitable spirit kept him at work for days after he ought to have been confined to his room and his bed. His desire for work rendered him unwilling to recognise the serious nature of the attack, so that not only was there delay in the application of suitable remedies, but an attendance at meetings and conducting of services when his condition required absolute repose. Even after his medical attendant had mentioned the nature of his complaint, he, in his hopeful way, sent me a message that "his was not a serious attack such as I had suffered from thirteen years before; but only slight. He thought it well to let me know that, lest I should be anxious." When alas! I knew too well, from what I had heard of the symptoms, that his was far more serious than mine. In this spirit he kept at his work until, through sheer weakness, he was compelled to desist. His situation was difficult. The services at the sala had been crowded since the opening. It seemed important that no opportunity should be lost of preaching the gospel while the people showed such a desire to hear. He had no evangelist with him on whom he could

depend; no one to whom he could entrust the charge of the work; only occasional helpers; and when these failed him he felt bound to officiate himself. This led to his attempting to conduct services when he had scarcely strength enough to stand. After lying in bed all day on the Tuesday after his seizure, he rose and went to the sala to conduct the service as usual, and returned home thoroughly worn out. Again, on the following Sunday morning, when the fever had run its course for a week, having no one to preside at the culto, he went and officiated, conducting the meeting and administering the Lord's Supper, although so weak that he was obliged to lean over the table in order to support himself. On that night his brother arrived from Naples and relieved him from further anxiety as to the services, or the probability is that he would have tried to get out again. It so happened, however, that this was the last time he was out of doors. He had literally exhausted his strength in the work he loved so well, and sacrificed himself to the cause of missions in Italy, and died a martyr in that cause, as much as if on account of it he had ended his days at the stake. In accordance with his wish, expressed not long before in a letter to Mr. Baynes, he may be said to have "died in harness, and hard at it too." During that week the symptoms appeared to fluctuate, being sometimes more and sometimes less favourable, but

there was no permanent abatement of the disease; and the weakness of course increased. Through all, however, he continued to believe in his recovery; for "the Lord," he said, "had much work for him to do in Genoa." On the Sunday, his heart as usual was at the sala; and unable to join in the worship there, he proposed to his wife that they should together commemorate the Saviour's death. Though lying in bed he went through the service in the usual manner, even to the singing of the hymns, in which his heart only could join, as Mrs. Landels uttered the words. The hymns were:—

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee,"

and

"When I survey the wondrous Cross."

It was the last Sabbath he completed on earth. Before the week had closed his ransomed spirit had gone to be with the Lord.

During the intervening week there was little change. A letter, which had reached us on the Saturday night, led his mother and his youngest brother to set out for Genoa on Monday morning. Not that any immediate danger was apprehended, but to relieve and help his wife who was waiting on him night and day, in a city where they were almost strangers, and had no female acquaintance who could render her assistance. It was a trying time for her, and though the Lord wonderfully sustained

her and gave her strength to perform every ministry which weakness could desire or love suggest, it was not desirable that she should be left so entirely alone. His mother and brother travelled from London without halting, and arrived at Genoa at midnight on Wednesday. A telegram from Turin announcing their coming afforded him great pleasure; and when his wife showed some fear of his excitement doing him harm, he said to her, "Don't be afraid, I shall not be worse because mother is here." Her arrival seemed to do him good; and on the Thursday she wrote to me quite hopefully. The letter arrived late on Saturday night; and we waited in hope that Monday morning would bring another, confirming the pleasing intelligence. But alas! on Saturday new and more unfavourable symptoms appeared. He suffered much during the night and prayed repeatedly, "O God, help me to bear this pain." Hot fomentations relieved the pain somewhat, and sleep came which, with short waking intervals, lasted till he passed away at ten o'clock at night. Early on Monday morning we received the telegram —"Our dear boy went to heaven last night at ten o'clock." Even on Sunday, however, neither he nor they apprehended that death was near. To Mr. Wall, who had come from Rome to help in his work, and to whose kindness during those sad days his wife and mother were most deeply indebted, he repeated

his conviction that he would get well, because the Lord had so much work for him to do. The history of that day may be best given in Mr. Wall's words; his own relatives having had their anxiety too much excited to have a very distinct remembrance of what took place:—

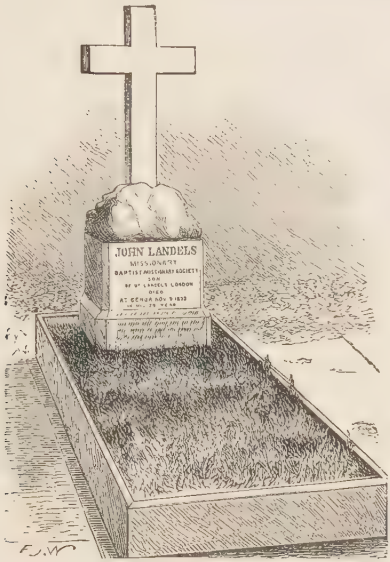
"Rome, 13*th November* 1879.

"Dear Mr. Baynes,—I returned last night from Genoa, and hasten to give you some details of the illness and decease of our beloved brother Mr. Landels. I had promised to go to Genoa in November to hold some services, but the news of Mr. Landels' illness which you telegraphed to me induced me to anticipate my visit. I was thankful for this, because my arrival seemed to relieve him of some anxiety about the meetings, especially when I promised to prolong my stay according to the need. Mrs. Landels and the youngest brother had just arrived from London. The presence of the mother exercised such beneficial influence on the sufferer that we thought the progress most satisfactory. During the following day, Friday, our hopes seemed confirmed by the cheerfulness and returning appetite of our friend. Still the temperature of the body was high, and thought occasionally wandered. Sunday was an anxious day. The sufferer's mind remained clear and the voice strong, but there was nausea and a tendency to sleep which seemed without repose. When I returned from the meeting I noticed a slight change in the breathing, and went immediately for the doctor. Not finding

him, I returned and found our friend evidently weaker; and now the sad reality, startling and unexpected, broke upon the wife and mother. The affectionate inquiry, the tender embrace, the pleading anguish received no response but the gradual falling of the breath to that silence which seemed eternity. Without a quiver or a sigh, softly as the failing flame or the passing mist, ceased the earthly career of our beloved brother John Landels. During his last conversation with me he thought the Lord had still work for him to do. Little did we think it was to be the service of heaven. After our last prayer together for himself and friends and the work of God in Genoa, his response showed how entirely he was still absorbed in the mission. Indeed, he died with all his armour on, and passed full-clad to the presence of the King."

As soon as possible after the intelligence of his death reached us, I started for Genoa in hope of being present at the funeral; but though I travelled as fast as express trains would carry me, I arrived a day too late. Two days after he died his mortal remains were buried in the beautiful cemetery of San Benigno,—the burial-place of the English in Genoa. His sorrowing mother and widow and two of his brothers were among the mourners. The funeral services were conducted by Mr. Wall of Rome; Signor Mazzarella, a member of the Italian Parliament; Mr. Miller, minister of the Scotch

church; Signor Zocco, Methodist; and his own brother from Naples. "The place of his interment," says one of our papers, "is beautifully situated, commanding a view of the gulf and city of Genoa la Superba. Close to his resting-place is the family



grave of Louis Kosuth, ex-governor of Hungary; on the same line as that of the vicar of an English parish. There, in the shadow of the cypress trees, under the blue sky of Italy lies all that was mortal of the unselfish and devoted JOHN LANDELS."

We gladly subjoin the following expressions of

sympathy with us and regard for him received from various friends:—

"It seems a strange and mysterious Providence," says the *Missionary Herald*, "that one so well qualified to render efficient service should have been removed so early, and at a time when his work was so much needed in connection with the Mission which he has just commenced. We can only bow to the afflictive dispensation, believing that what we know not now we shall know hereafter, and pray that God may overrule what has taken place for the good of the Mission for which our brother has laid down a life which, one truly says, was so full of 'unselfish devotion and self-sacrificing zeal, so simple, trustful, and brave.' Indeed, we have reason to believe that our prayer has already been answered. We have heard of more than one who desire to take our brother's place. And while we regard him as engaged in still nobler work, we are not without hope that his early death may prove more helpful to the Mission than even his prolonged life would have been.

"In a private letter dated only a few months ago, addressed to Mr. Baynes, he wrote:—

'I cannot at all adequately express the deep sympathy I have with you in your earnest longing for suitable missionaries for India. But few know, as you do, the strength of my early desire for work

in that great empire, and the desire is deeper and far stronger to-day than ever. But God appears to have ordered otherwise, and my work—for the present at any rate—appears to be in Italy.

'Well, as you say, "He knows best," and so all must be well; and work for Christ in any land is highest joy. I like what you say about "not rusting out." No, I would like to die in harness, and hard at it too!'

"Prophetic words! Within a few months of their expression the Master he loved so well, and for whom he toiled so faithfully, has called him from the front ranks of the Church militant on earth to the higher and more perfect service and communion of the Church glorified in Heaven.

'Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
. . . . .
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.'

'And I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.'"

Very grateful to us have been the testimonies

received to the affection and esteem with which he was regarded by those in Italy who had formed an acquaintance with him during his too brief course—too brief, that is, as it appears to us; not too brief for the accomplishment of what his Master had given him to do. Justly, as their letters will show, his friends both at home and abroad speak of his power of attracting affection and of his whole-hearted devotedness to his Master's service. A German lady, who knew him from the time of his going to Italy, writes:—"I deeply sympathise with you, my dear Mrs. Landels. What a blow it must be to you, what a blank for all your life! I so valued dear Mr. Landels, and I quite thought it an honour to be the friend of such a true follower of Christ, and therefore I can imagine what he must have been to you, and what a loss his death must be to you. . . . I suppose he had overworked himself, being too zealous and too self-denying. I dare not ask you now to write and tell me about dear Mr. Landels and yourself, but you will, later, when the heart is no more quite so sore and oppressed. My thoughts are constantly with you wherever I go; dear Mr. Landels' kind face is present to me, and I think of all the kindness he has shown to me."

A gentleman who was associated with him from the commencement of his work in Genoa writes:—"I know that human words at such a time are weak

and cannot comfort, but I sympathise with you and pray for you. I had learned to love Mr. Landels as a brother, and the influence of his whole-hearted devotion to the Master's work and his continuous desire to do good will never be forgotten by me. I had hoped that we would long work together in the same cause in Genoa, but the Master has seen fit to call His servant to his reward and rest sooner than any of us thought of; and while we mourn the loss of our dear friend, we know that he is now 'with Christ, which is far better.' Our loss is undoubtedly his gain."

Another says:—"Although I only knew Mr. Landels for such a short time, I felt that he had a wonderful power of drawing people's affections towards himself, and now it seems to me as if a very intimate friend had been called away. If the feelings of a comparative stranger are such, I can imagine what yours must be who have had many years' experience of his love, and have been witnesses of his true Christian character."

The Church in Naples, in connection with which he laboured a few months while studying the Italian language, in a document signed by all the members, says:—"When the members of this church received the tremendous news of the irreparable loss to us of the dear John Landels, your beloved husband, we were all without exception

beyond speech, filled with profound consternation. And we could not do otherwise (for none of us had forgotten him) than mourn sincerely the bitter as well as unexpected departure. All remember him, weeping not over his lot, for we know he is with God, but for the intense sorrow of being of him so early deprived. We, all brethren and sisters of this church, remember his true Christian and brotherly love towards us, his affable and encouraging words, his lively Christian piety, his transparent example of virtue, his entire consecration to the service of the Lord. We wish also for once on his cold tomb to remind you how much we loved him and how much ineffable anguish pervades our hearts for such a sudden loss, and for the early and desolate widowhood that has struck you yet in the flower of years, and in the moment of the most beautiful hope of happy success of the work of Genoa in which the mourned and beloved Giovanni was engaged.

"Submission to the mysterious decrees of the Most High does not mitigate our sorrow, only encourages us to suffer and to hope, in His unutterable goodness, that He will not fail ever to heal the wound that He makes.

"And in his distance from us how many times we remembered with sorrow the moving scene that took place in the church the eve of his and your departure for Genoa! How many times they came to our

minds! How many times remembered we among ourselves his warm, affectionate, and loving words! How many times, thinking of his *Addio* which he interpreted as 'All to God,' we exclaimed, 'Oh, that he had never departed; that he had never gone far from us!' But, alas! Too short time we had him! For too short time we were able to love him! The going now of the dear Giovanni, his brief absence from us afflicts not you only, his worthy companion, neither only the best and most respected family Landels, but all the brethren, all the churches that had the privilege of knowing him, and in this participates fully this of Naples, to which too soon falls the duty of offering to you words of true friendship and of consolation under the disastrous event. . . . To us the name of Giovanni and his example will remain written in our hearts in characters indelible; and thinking of him, we pray for you to the common Father, that He will bless you, and with His grace and His spirit console you, *always*. Amen!"

A similar impression was produced on the minds of those who came in contact with him here. The following is from one who knew him well—

"And now I scarcely know how to write; my heart is *very, very sad;* your now sainted brother was one of my most cherished friends, and our intercourse was close and most unfettered, and the more I knew him

the more I *loved* and *admired* his fine and noble character: so unselfish, so wholly devoted to his work, so intent upon making everything helpful to it; and withal, so tender, generous, and brave. My heart is very sore and sad, yet I know for *him* it *is all well.* The Master has called him to higher service and more perfect communion. Thus early has our dear one been perfected and made fit for the nobler work of the Father's house. For us is left the blessed and stimulating remembrance of a life *here* of unselfish devotion and self-sacrificing zeal, simple, trustful, and brave. A life of fellowship with Christ, ever enduring as seeing Him, and now the dear Lord has taken him to Himself, for thus *early was he ready* and meet for the Master's immediate presence and service.

"I do not write just now to the stricken widow, or your dear father, for I feel it would be out of place to intrude any words of mine for a little while, but I know you will assure them of my tender and respectful sympathy, and my very earnest and constant prayer that they may be abundantly supported and comforted in this season of sad and terrible trial. If, in any way, I can be of service, pray use me. My personal love for the dear one now at rest prompts me to say this, with very sincere and sympathising regard. I am,

"ALFRED H. BAYNES."

Others write as follows—

"It will be no small element in that consolation that he died upon the high places of the field, in the vigour of full and successful service for the Master he loved. Great, indeed, is the loss to the Mission, and very mys-

terious does it seem that one, whose work was so full of promise, should thus be stricken down, and a place left vacant which it will take long, as efficiently, to fill. Yours very truly, JOSEPH TRITTON."

"You well know, my dear sir, how right and good it is to bow with submission to the Father's will. Your beloved son is with Christ in whom he sees a loving God, and he has only gone before that he may welcome to the mansions above some of us to whom the time between this and that will be very short indeed. I well remember the letter of welcome he sent to us when we returned from our exile to our natal land! How much more impressive will his welcome be to join him before the throne of Christ? The earthly one was so full of kindly feeling, what will the heavenly one be when the earthly is all gone and only the spiritual left? It will be like gold separated from all that is impure, only very infinitely more glorious. I am truly yours,

"JOHN THOMPSON."

"We shall always remember the earnest missionary sermon Mr. John gave us, it stirred our dying missionary spirit, and bore fruits in one subscription at least being doubled, and still continues to bear fruit in a working meeting for the Mission. I thought you might like to know this. Our love to Christ and poor perishing sinners was quickened indeed that evening as it has not been since. I remain yours in Christian love,

"ANNE PAYNE."

"Your dear boy had won confidence, esteem and love; his memory will be fragrant with many. He had

proved himself a good worker for the Master, and fell at his post. Yours very sincerely,

"WILLIAM SAMPSON."

"BAPTIST COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—It is with feelings of deep sorrow that we have learnt of the death of your dear son. Since his visit to our college we have been greatly interested in his welfare. And we shall not soon forget the earnest address which he delivered. The impression which was then made still abides, and is bearing direct fruit in having led some of the students to consecrate themselves to Foreign Missionary work.

"We wish you to accept this letter as a tribute of our respect for the departed.

"On behalf of the students, DAVID JENKINS, Senior student.

"*P.S.*—Our dear President, Mr. Parker, joins us in the above."

"THE COLLEGE, REGENT'S PARK.

"You cannot but remember with chastened thankfulness, how greatly you have been blessed in the gifted and consecrated life which has ended so early, and will perhaps be able to rejoice that the rest and bliss have come before weariness and weakness had been felt by him you loved so well.

> 'Weep not that so soon he has gone to his rest,
> He gave to his God his first hours and the best!
> Can the labourer cease from his labour too soon?
> He worked all the morning, and rested ere noon.'

"Yours very affectionately,

"AMELIA ANGUS."

"I cannot forbear sending you a single word of earnest sympathy. I try to imagine one of my little fellows to have lived, and worked, and died as John has, and I ask myself how could I bear it? It would be a greater sorrow than I have yet had to support, but I pray God that I may never be pained by one with more bitterness in it, and then I shall be happy indeed. To have had a son so true and faithful laid on the altar and accepted, is a wealth for which you will need no pity. Yours most affectionately,

"T. V. TYMMS."

"The intimation came upon us with all the suddenness of a blow. The slight intimation in the papers of his illness did not seem to warrant any anxiety; but from what has since transpired, he seems to have fallen through the ardour and entire disregard of self with which he gave himself to his work, and that it has really been with him that the zeal of God's house has eaten him up. Well, it was his portion that he had to die young. Ambition could not possibly have had any higher desire than that he should have fallen where he has and as he has done. Yours affectionately,

"W. STEWART CHEDBURN."

"How comforting to know that in early childhood he gave himself to his Saviour and devoted his life to His service! Now he has been called to higher service and to a closer union with Him whom he loved supremely and served faithfully.—'He has entered into the joy of his Lord.' Ever most affectionately yours,

"M. MIDDLEMORE."

"You have had an unspeakable honour conferred

on you in losing such a son in such a work. Ever yours sincerely and faithfully, R. HENRY ROBERTS."

"But WHY shall we sorrow after all. No, dear parents of a noble son! I rejoice in his good work, his glorious self-abnegation—the victory of faith: the crown of unfading freshness, the chief loved, blessed, beauteous, *Master's smile* of approbation—*he has gained them all!* So be it, good Lord! It is all well! Oh! that this sacrifice would but kindle the flame in other hearts in the homes of England, unto the consuming devotion which loves to die, which *covets death for Him who so loved us, so died for us!* Forgive so many words: they mean but to express our deepest sympathy, our unfailing love. Nothing more can we do. Yet the memory—ever living—of the love which tended me, poor sufferer, in your house and took my pains away, leads me to cry, *makes me* often say, 'O John, John beloved! would to God I had died for thee!' Yours very grateful and affectionate, JOHN C. PAGE.
HELEN PAGE."

"We were much shocked by the tidings of poor John's death. His course is soon run—but he has reached the goal and heard, we are sure, the welcome and praise of the Master for which we all long. I valued his friendship highly—at college he was one of the most earnest and conscientious and hard-working men of our time. I had hoped and expected much from his consecration to Italy. But he has been called up higher. Yours sincerely, JOHN BAILEY."

"Only tell J—— not to give up clinging to the blessed

Saviour whom John loved and trusted all his life. Amidst all sorrow it is a comfort and joy to know that he died in the Mission field, engaged in the noblest and most blessed work which any man can do, and that he has heard the Master say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' Having John in heaven will draw us all nearer there. Your loving, PATTIE."

"I feel now, John has gone, how much he has often helped me by little things he has said or done. I don't believe there was ever any one so unselfish as John, and I know many times, with us younger ones, at any rate, when we have felt it hard to get on in the right way, John has cheered us up, and *would* think the best of us. Your loving, LIZZIE."

"The dear fellow who is gone home to his rest, all too soon as it seemed to us, was one who won the affections of all who knew him and had the opportunity of noting his many noble qualities. Always yours cordially, J. W. TODD."

"I feel deeply for you and Mrs. Landels, and I feel that in your son's death I have lost one for whom I shall ever cherish a very profound affection even though it be now only in memory. In the Providence of God he was the first person who inspired me with a real desire for the Christian ministry. Long before ever I saw him, and when we did not seek each other, we were led to a correspondence in which he made the proposal to me of entering the work of the Lord as a Baptist minister. If in life he had done no more good

than he has been the means of effecting for me, he would not have lived in vain. I have preserved all his letters, and on my book-shelves there are two volumes especially, bearing his autograph; besides I have other tokens of his kindness, all of which was shown me most spontaneously and at a time when I needed it most. He never patronised me, he was too true and manly for that. I felt that in him I had one who really wished to help me and set me in the way of helping myself better than I could then. Now that he is gone I feel as if I mourn one very dear and beloved. All that I have which shall remind me of him I shall carefully preserve; indeed, his memory will remain enshrined in my heart. I did not enjoy much personal intercourse with him, but long before I ever saw him he had taught me many things. Yours faithfully,

"GEORGE SAMUEL."

Mr. Robert Walker, whose name my son mentions, has taken the deepest interest in the Mission from its commencement, and since his death has offered himself for mission service in connection with our Society; and has been accepted, in the hope that after he has finished his preparatory studies he may, in the providence of God, be permitted to take the place of his friend, and superintend the work in Genoa. The following letter from him, which appeared in the *Missionary Herald* for June 1880, while it breathes the most ardent affection for my son's memory, also records the continued progress of the mission:—

"Dear Friends,—When I was asked to send you an account of the mission in Genoa, I very willingly consented to do so, hoping that by that means I might be able to encourage you in the good work in which you are engaged.

"Being yet in its infancy, the mission does not afford many of the interesting facts which an older mission presents for a report; still the history of the work in Genoa is all interesting, and in an especial manner to those who, like you, had the honour and pleasure of knowing the founder of the mission, the late Mr. John Landels. He was in Genoa but a very short time when I had this pleasure, and as I took a lively interest in the work, I had the advantage of being a good deal in Mr. Landels' company, and had abundant opportunity for observing and admiring his sterling Christian character, and the intensity of his zeal for his Master's glory. I will not enter into the details of Mr. Landels' difficulties and trials with the church in the Serriglio, from which better things might have been expected; but I would like to tell you that in all that unpleasant treaty I could not but admire the patience and Christian charity uniformly displayed in Mr. Landels' bearing. He was reviled and evilly spoken of, but he bore it all with the utmost patience, although we knew he felt it keenly. His aim, evidently, was not to further his own personal interests, but to advance the Redeemer's kingdom, for his heart was truly in his work. It was evidently necessary to make a fresh start, entirely separate from and independent of the church in Piazza Serriglio; and after a short visit to England Mr. Landels returned and commenced the arduous task of hunting for a suitable room in which

to preach the Gospel. Patience and faith were sorely tried in this part of the work, but no matter how often it was necessary to 'call again' in order to find the proprietor, or obtain an explanation, the anxiety and zeal of our dear brother were always sufficient, and at length, after much difficulty, his efforts were rewarded with success. Then it was a pleasure to see the satisfaction which beamed even on his countenance when he told me he had found and secured our present sala. The fitting up and furnishing were hurried on as quickly as possible, and at the end of August last year the sala was opened for the preaching of the Word. The position of the sala is all that could be desired, right in the centre of the city and in one of our busiest squares. Omnibuses from all parts of the town stop just in front of our door, and the passengers can hardly alight without reading the inscription over the door: 'Sala Cristiana. Ingresso Libero.'

"OPENING OF THE NEW SALA.

"In the *Missionary Herald* of October last you may have read Mr. Landels' own account of the successful opening of the sala. We expected a good meeting as the result of the posters which were on the walls the whole of the Sunday on which we began. The sala would accommodate comfortably from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty people sitting and standing; but there were considerably over two hundred present at each of the special meetings held every night for a week at that time. We felt greatly encouraged and very grateful to our Heavenly Father for such large meetings; still we believed that to a large extent it was

curiosity that drew the people. Four meetings per week were held regularly, and the attendance kept up without any sensible decrease. The first month the services were conducted by Mr. Landels, who always presided, and Signor Mazzarella, M.P., a dear Christian brother, to whose willingness to assist we owe an endless debt of gratitude. An experienced Christian and evangelist, his discourses are always listened to with the closest attention, and when his health permits him to preach, he is always willing and ready. We had also for a month the services of Signor dal Canto, evangelist in Tuscany. When Signor dal Canto returned to Civita Castellana, Mr. Landels carried on the meetings with the occasional assistance of Signor Mazzarella until the middle of October, when his illness compelled him to remain at home. Even when assailed by bodily sickness, his anxiety was not for himself, but for the work he loved.

"THE MASTER'S CALL.

"We had been speaking together of the way the Lord was blessing the work, and looking forward to a long time of pleasant co-operation in the mission, little thinking that the Lord's will was to call our dear friend so soon to Himself. We thought his work was just beginning; the Master saw it finished. We hoped to battle on together in the holy war, but the Captain has given him the victor's crown, and called him to the victor's reward. He was among us but a short time; still in that time many had learned to love him. Many who are not famous for their love of Christian principles have said to me repeatedly that it was impossible not to

love such a man. His sincerity was so apparent to all, that it was impossible to doubt his motives. We wanted such a one for Genoa, and the Lord lent us him for a little. Were we not sure that our loss is his gain, we would be apt to repine; we can only seek to emulate his virtues and follow after him. 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much,' and can we wonder if, in answer to the many prayers with which this work was commenced and continued, we have been blessed? Rather let us thank God for another proof of the faithfulness of His Word. Our dear brother's aim was to preach the Gospel to as many people as possible, and his heart was cheered by being permitted to preach to as many people as the hall could accommodate.

"THE WORK OF TO-DAY.

"During the last few days of October, and the first half of November, Mr. Wall, of Rome, was in Genoa, and preached nearly every night to meetings crowded as usual. The Genoese are much more liberal in matters of religion than in almost any other city of Italy. Attending regularly in such numbers means something more than curiosity; and the difference between the answers now given to our questions by some who attend and the answers they gave at our first meetings shows that there is some effect being produced on the mind of the hearers. When Mr. Wall returned to Rome, Signor Jahier came from Naples, and during the six weeks he remained the meetings kept growing, if possible, and every night numbers had to go away unable to obtain an entrance. The same experience attended Signor

Fasulo's meetings when Signor Jahier had to return to Naples, and now that Signor Jahier has returned to us, we are being gladdened in the same way. Our difficulty is to find room for those who come, and often we fail to do so. Our hundred chairs are always occupied before the hour for commencing the meeting, and the standing room pretty well filled as well. Before we get through the opening hymn the doorway is generally blocked up. In our meetings for Bible study, the questions put by some of the audience reveal the depth of the ignorance in which the priests have kept the people. The answers given to questions asked by the President show how erroneous and false is the doctrine contained in the little they have been permitted to learn. It is a source of great pleasure and encouragement to our evangelists to mark the progress some of the more attentive listeners have already made in Scripture knowledge. It is also pleasing to notice that many of the eight hundred to nine hundred New Testaments sold at the meetings, and outside by our good friend Signor Sadri, who has been a good helper in the work, are brought regularly to the meetings by the purchasers. The sale of New Testaments we look upon as a test of the reality of the interest the people are taking in the Word preached. It is an act of defiance of both Pope and priest to purchase the 'Protestant Bible,' and when the people are willing to *buy* the book, that shows at least some interest, however little it may be. Many—both men and women — have expressed their decided wish to learn more of the evangelical truth, and have enrolled themselves as catechumens. For them we have a special Bible-class on Thursday evenings, and,

as a rule, upwards of fifty attend. These cannot be attracted by the light, for the meetings are semi-private and held with closed door; besides, many of them have a considerable distance to walk before getting to the sala. Some of them tell us of petty persecutions which they have to suffer from companions and masters because of their attendance at the Protestant meetings. During Lent (the preaching season of the Romish Church) the Protestants were very roughly handled by the preacher who held forth in the cathedral. Our sala was thought worthy of special mention by him, and, if more than the usual number of listeners could have got in, it is possible and probable our meetings would have been all the larger after such a gratuitous advertisement! The various evangelists in the city took the occasion to reply to some of his sermons, and their meetings were always crowded. Our Signor Jahier treated very ably one night the question of the 'Apostolic Succession,' and it was evident, from the pleased expression of every face, that the people were satisfied with his arguments. On another occasion, having announced that he would lecture on 'San Pietro ed il Papa,' the meeting was uncomfortably full, and the same result was evident all over the congregation. The music—which is generally very defective in Evangelical churches in this country—is certainly improving. The credit of this is all due to Signor Jahier, who is unwearied in seeking to teach the people to sing. Our hymns are now sung fully as well as those of any other Italian congregation in Genoa. 'The Sweet By-and-By,' 'The Home over There,' and 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus' are now very well known in our congregation—the only one which attempts Sankey's

hymns in Genoa. We have thus very great cause to rejoice, for the Lord is evidently working with us. We are glad to know that you take a special interest in this mission, and both work and pray for us. We hope soon to have some real cases of conversion, for the Word preached and listened to must work a change through the operation of the Holy Spirit. The people who attend are mostly poor, for the rich don't care to bear the inconveniences of crushing a way into the hall in order to *stand* and listen for an hour, especially to a Protestant preacher. Until we can get a larger hall, we must be content to have only one class of hearers; but we aim at reaching *all*, and pray the Lord, whose work it is, to open a way to the ears and hearts of all classes. From what I have said, you will see that the mission here is one of great promise, and if supported by the sympathy and prayers of Christian friends at home, the results will no doubt be equally encouraging. Let us ask large blessings and expect great things from the Lord, who has promised to bless us according to our faith.

"I trust your meeting will be very successful, and hope the result may be even better than you expect, and wish you abundant success in all your efforts to aid the mission work and spread abroad the knowledge of our Redeemer's love. ROBERT WALKER.

"*Genoa.*"

In an Italian periodical there appeared the following notice which, though written in a style more effusive than we are accustomed to, will yet show the estimate in which he was held :—

"John Landels reposes in God, waiting the resurrection! After a short illness he fell asleep in Jesus on the 2d of this month, with the peace of the sanctified in his heart, in the city of Genoa. He was the eldest of the sons of Dr. Landels, the esteemed pastor of the church of Regent's Park, London. It was in the college of this name that Mr. Landels studied. While quite young he felt himself called to missionary work, and he would have decided for India if the doctors had not counselled him against it, fearing that that climate would prove fatal to his constitution. He was first pastor of a church in Ford Forge, on the confines of England and Scotland, not far from the native place of his father. From Ford Forge he went to Kirkcaldy, where he laboured several years with happy success, and where he made the acquaintance of Miss Ireland, whom he married, and who now weeps her bitter loss. Later he desired greatly to be a missionary. After passing honourably the necessary examinations, he decided, with the consent of the committee, to come to Italy, where the climate is more mild, and where earth and heaven smile on all. He passed first four months in Rome with Signor Wall, where we had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and to be several days his happy guest. From Rome he went to Naples to his brother William, who had preceded him in that missionary field. There we were able to form a closer

friendship with him, and to value better his gifts. Persuaded of the necessity of knowing thoroughly our language he gave himself to the study of it with much constancy and firmness of purpose, so that in a short time he was able to interest the meeting, and in little more than a year to preach in Italian. There he joined our Circolo Luigi Desanctus, 'Vangelo e Patria,' a society of young men, chiefly students, and held, in the name of the same, some discourses which awakened interest and applause. And since that Circolo, beyond the propagation of the gospel, wished the study of languages, &c., Signor Landels offered himself for English, and not a few of the members and non-members profited by his lessons; so that it is in name of the brethren of the church and members of the Circolo I am charged to express to his most respected family, and, in a particular manner, to his venerable father, honorary member of our Circolo, their profound sentiments of sorrow for the great irreparable and early loss in the loved son and brother.

"In the month of December of the past year our dear friend and companion of labour left Naples to go to establish himself in Genoa, and to found there another centre of evangelisation. Speaking of his departure from Naples and of the moment of taking leave of the church, we remember how these good

and dear brethren were sorrowful; that Sunday evening all wept bitterly because of the sorrowful separation from a dear brother, and they offered to him for a last token of their brotherly love an affectionate letter, and to the Signora a fresh bouquet of flowers, last records, alas! to a life so dear, and that all were far from believing so near to its close! His '*addio*' to the brethren was brief but profoundly felt; also we recollect that he interpreted it as 'all to God!' in which we understood him quickly, and the brethren will never forget it.

"In Genoa he had at the beginning some troubles and sorrowful anxieties, of which we hope those will repent who caused them; but after he opened a new fine locale in Piazza Deferrari, 36, the most central part of the city, he was consoled and much blessed by the Lord. After his departure from Naples, I saw him again with great pleasure at the opening of his new sala, which took place on the 4th of September, but we were very far from thinking that that would be the last time that we would embrace each other here below!

"John Landels was all that one can express with the word *gentleman*—a man of excellent heart, of manners most affable and courteous, dear to all those who knew him, most dear to the friend who writes these only too poor lines, but above all dear to the

Saviour in whose footsteps he walked even to the end.

The blessings of the peacemaker and of the meek are certainly on him, and that ought to console his dear ones, his colleagues, and all those who loved him."

Such testimonies could not fail to give us much comfort. We are thankful that God permitted him to commence such a good work in Italy before taking him to himself. And although we could have wished to retain him longer, we can console ourselves with the thought that he has been called to higher service, and that though brief was his earthly course, bright is his heavenly crown. Mingling with our great sorrow, we have the unspeakable joy of being able to cherish, without any misgiving, the hope of meeting him again, and the assurance that already the beatitude is his—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

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